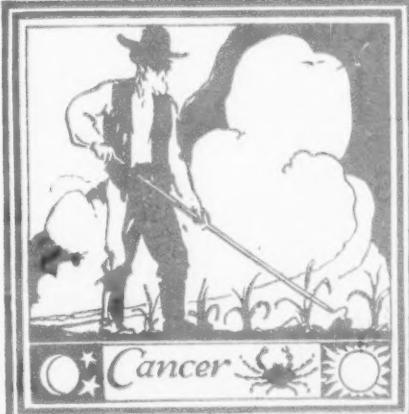


# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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ONE YEAR \$2.50

*A Weekly Illustrated Magazine  
For All The Family*

NE 18, 1925  
199, NO. 25



I NEVER COULD REALLY FIGURE THIS IS JUST A MONTH BETWEEN HAY AND GRASS · AND NOTHIN' ELSE · I'VE ALWAYS FOUND THE MORE I USE A HOE IN THE GROWIN' MONTHS THE BIGGER

WAGON I HAVE TO USE COME HARVEST · I LEARNED THAT EARLY ONCE WHEN I ASKED EPH GOOGINS IF HE WAS HOEIN' WEEDS OUT OF THE GROUND · AND HE SAYS: "NO · I'M HOEIN' CROPS INTO THE BARN FIVE MONTHS FROM NOW!" — CALEB PEASLEE'S ALMANAC

IN THE NEXT ISSUE AND JUST AHEAD

## JUNE 25

- HOW DOETH THE LITTLE BUSY BEE?  
*By Lelia Mansell*  
HEARTH FIRES TO CONTENT—V. The Embers  
*By Gertrude West*  
THE FORT IN THE WILDERNESS  
I. Vincennes, Home of the Chevaliers  
*By Ben F. Sager*  
THE SPLENDID YEAR—Chapter Ten  
*By Arthur Stanwood Pier*  
ON CUTBANK CREEK  
*By Franklin Weller Calkins*

## JULY 2

- LADY CARRUTHERS—Chapter One  
*By Katherine M. Harbaugh*  
INTERRUPTING THE PRESIDENT  
*By Louis Felix Ranlett*  
THE FORT IN THE WILDERNESS  
II. Vincennes, Goal of the Long Knives  
*By Ben F. Sager*  
NEAR BLUEBEARD AND DISTANT BELINDA  
*By W. Edson Smith*  
OLD COMET'S STAMPEDE  
*By Roe L. Hendrick*

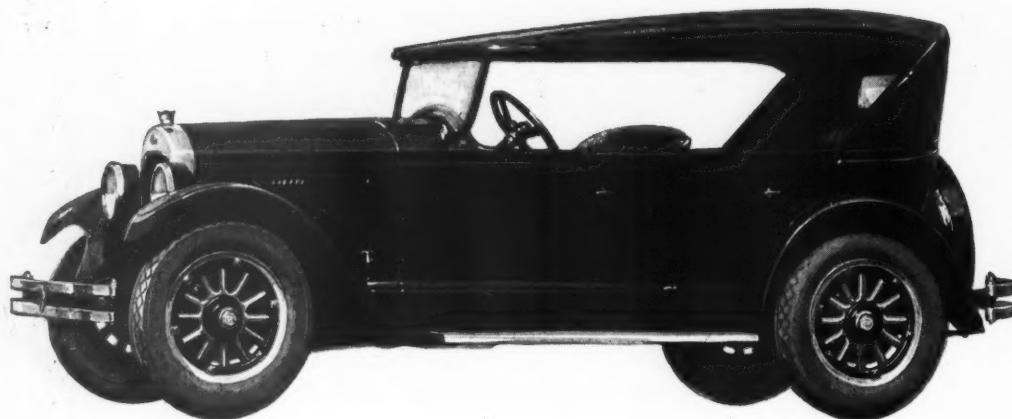
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### SCARLET FEVER

**S**CARLET FEVER, or scarlatina, is one of the so-called children's diseases. It is marked by fever prostration and a red or brownish-red—not scarlet—eruption, followed by the peeling of the skin. The disease occurs most frequently in young children below the age of six, but it may attack at any age a person who has previously escaped. As a rule one attack confers immunity for life, though second and even third attacks are not unknown.

The first symptoms of the disease appear in from two or three days to a week after exposure. The earliest symptom in children is often a sudden attack of vomiting. Very young children may have convulsions. Almost immediately the temperature rises, the face becomes flushed, the eyes are bright, and there is a headache. The throat is sore and congested and in the severer forms shows whitish spots or membranous patches that suggest diphtheria. The tongue is coated, but its edge often looks red and raw, while the upper surface is dotted with red points. The glands in the neck are usually more or less enlarged.

The characteristic rash appears twenty-four or thirty-six hours after the first symptoms. It shows first on the chest and spreads down over arms, body and legs. The face often shows very little of it. After it is fully developed the eruption remains stationary for two or three days and then begins to fade. At the same time desquamation begins. The outer layer of skin peels off in large flakes, and often in large pieces; that of the hands sometimes comes off entire like a glove.

A mild attack of scarlet fever is not a very serious matter in itself; the complications and consequences—weakened heart, acute inflammation of the kidneys, ear trouble leading sometimes to permanent deafness, and joint troubles—are more to be dreaded. Scarlet fever may, however, occur in a very malignant form, and the patient may die within twenty-four hours, despite every effort of the most skilled physicians. We shall discuss the prevention and treatment of scarlet fever next week.



### AJAX DEFYING THE SAPLING

I HAVE read many interesting and unusual anecdotes about animals in The Companion, says a correspondent, but none more unusual, to my mind, than the following experience, which befell my setter dog.

A friend and I were tramping during a rain-storm through a dense second-growth forest. Ajax was charging about aimlessly here and there in great enjoyment. All at once, far ahead, we heard him give an agonized yelp, followed by a succession of howls. We ran forward, fearing that he had been caught by a steel trap. Imagine our astonishment, as we burst through some bushes, at seeing him in a little clearing, apparently trying his best to uproot a small sapling by pulling it over with his tail! Anchored fast to the tree, he dug his feet into the ground and tugged and strained valiantly, emitting a pained and frightened howl with every effort.

When we reached him we found that in dashing past the sapling, the dog had flicked it smartly with the end of his tail. The wisps of long hair, which were soaking wet, had wrapped themselves about the smooth trunk like a whip-lash and were holding him fast in a kind of half hitch.

As soon as we had released him Ajax growled belligerently and turned for a cautious inspection of the tree and the end of his tail. Finding nothing wrong with either, he gazed about in dazed bewilderment, vainly seeking the cause of all the trouble.

For some time thereafter he proceeded with great care, but the incident gradually faded from his memory, and he resumed his headlong exploration of the forest.

# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

THE BEST OF AMERICAN LIFE



IN FICTION FACT AND COMMENT

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY IN THE YEAR

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## The BETTER HORSE



By

Frances L. Cooper



CLIFF WHITE and the Little Boss had been in the saddle since seven o'clock that morning, and now at three, having finished their delayed lunch, they were in no hurry to leave the beautiful Half Moon Valley. Cliff with an expression of sober contentment on his keen, responsible face was staring at the marvelous desert view. The Little Boss, otherwise known as Peg Fleming, talked lazily as she flipped tiny pebbles into the void beneath.

Peg, an orphan, had been raised by the now manly Cliff. At four he had gravely introduced her two-year-old mind to the mysteries of life on a great California ranch. From infancy they had played and squabbled together until of late years boarding school and college had interrupted the friendship only enough to make the long summer vacations the more enjoyable.

Under his father's tutelage Cliff was gradually learning to manage the huge alfalfa and cattle ranch, and where he went Peg went, as alertly interested as he. Her title was well earned; it was a sobriquet of affection. There was not a man or a woman on the immense White estate who did not like the Little Boss. Tall, slim, vitally alive, she was frankly cordial to everybody.

"She's just a pretty kid," Jim Banning, the foreman, characterized her. "She ain't spoiled. She kin ride as good as me, an' if you ain't mean she'll be a good friend to you!"

The day's ride was in the nature of a vacation. Cliff had wished to inspect the north range, to study grass and water conditions and incidentally to discover if any wild cattle were secreting themselves in remote pockets of the rim range. Circling over forty miles of territory had made the boy and the girl healthfully tired. They had delayed lunch that they might eat in Half Moon Valley, five miles from home, beside the coldest spring they knew of.

The valley was reached by means of a hidden pass in the rim range, which towered north and south as far as the eye could see, and by a trail that for a quarter of a mile ran steeply down through thickets of pine. It was a long oval like a deep dish and was cut squarely across as if the mountains had decided to go no farther, thus exposing a panoramic view of the desert that shimmered in boundless majesty five thousand feet below. From that spot no one had ever descended the precipices to the sandy floor.

Near where Peg and Cliff sat, an icy spring

DRAWN BY RODNEY THOMSON



*His hand was hardly needed for the leap behind his saddle*

trickled out. Behind them, lining the green central meadow of the oval, great Coulter pines, cedars, manzanita bushes and other shrubs fought for position. Upon the surrounding craggy heights other verdure struggled to reach the favored valley, and beyond the guarding ramparts tangled mesquite and stunted pines carried on the battle for existence.

The summer had been hard on plants and animals and humans. For weeks no rain had fallen, and now in August the burning sun seared the grasses, dried up the springs, sent cattle roving and caused the forest rangers and the ranchers unspeakable anxiety.

In the rank green of the meadow two saddle horses switched tails against increasing swarms of midges. Cliff's horse was a huge, powerful, awkwardly built black. Old Skiddoo, though fourteen, was still strong and supple and remained as ever the boy's best-loved possession. He returned Cliff's love with all his might. He was never far from Cliff and kept one small, intelligent eye constantly upon his master. The heavy black stock saddle that he wore showed the marks of long use.

Peg's mount, Red Cloud, named for his color, was Skiddoo's equal in weight and size; for tall Peg disliked small horses. But there the resemblance ended. Red Cloud was a gorgeous sorrel of eleven hundred pounds. A splendid tail dragged at his heels, and a massive, gleaming mane flung back from his proud head. Peg said the star on his forehead was his tiara. He was strong, vain and capable.

In some ways he was like his mistress. Both affected vanities of accoutrement. Peg, who was wealthy in her own right, delighted in the costly, light-colored leather stock saddle, the carved tapaderos, the braided bridle and quirt, the silver Spanish bit. Whereas Cliff was content with an ordinary hemp reata, Peg hung from her saddle horn a rawhide one. Cliff liked his shabby old spurs and his worn chaps. Peg's spurs were of silver; her chaps—so necessary in the thorny California chaparral—were of creamy leather, also silver-studded. She wore a silk shirt and a gay handkerchief, and her high-

crowned hat was banded elaborately. Cliff teasingly declared that she aspired to look like the heroine of a novel; she retorted that he looked like a "broke" cowpuncher.

The nearest they ever came to quarreling was over the respective merits of their two horses. At present Peg was continuing a threadbare argument. Pebbles served for punctuation.

"You know, Cliff," she argued, "that old Skiddoo isn't half so good as my Cloud. Who beat that steer to the brush yesterday, me or you?"

"Pshaw, Peg," drawled the boy. He yawned, glanced affectionately at her and went on: "Ol' Skiddoo's got sense. Why run his legs off when he saw Cloud could do it just as well? Red Cloud's only six, and Skid figures he'd better save himself."

"You said it there!" jeered Peg. "You admit he's getting feeble—"

"Feeble nothing!" growled Cliff a little sharply. "He's got more stamina and courage at fourteen than that show horse of yours'll ever have!"

Peg sniffed and wrinkled her nose with sincere contempt. "Courage! Which horse jumped the wash last week, and which one stopped and went around? And when I dared you yesterday to go down that bank, didn't Skiddoo shake his head and refuse, and didn't Red, without a speck of fussing, sit down and slide over?"

"That may be, Peg," admitted the boy. "But Skid would have if I'd ordered him to. You see, he's got horse sense,—like me,—and he doesn't see any use in doing dangerous things just to show off. I've had ol' Skid in some ticklish tight places when my skin depended on him, and he's never failed me yet. He thinks! He's no rash young fool!"

The girl started to speak, but Cliff hurried on: "Now your nag there may be all you say. I'm fair, and I can't say he isn't. But he's never proved himself—may never have the opportunity—"

A long, anxious whinny followed by a pounding of hoofs interrupted the conversation.

Cliff leaped to his feet. "Something's up,

Peg. Skid never uses that tone unless something's wrong."

"Tone!" she jibed.

"Yes, tone! He's warned me many a time at night."

The black horse trotted up. Blowing through his nostrils, he stared at his master, then wheeled with his muzzle high and pointing toward the pass. The sky was clouding over. Westward monstrous dark clouds billowed up hurrying to eclipse the sun and to press down upon the oval valley. Lightning flickered and danced in the purple hollows, and a preliminary peal of thunder muttered. In the meadow the picketed Red Cloud danced at the end of his rope, uneasy and eager to be off.

Cliff and Peg studied the sky. "Nothing but a storm," she scoffed. "Skid's old maidish. Never saw a storm before, I'll bet!"

Cliff did not reply to her taunt; he was bridling the old horse.

"Get your skate, Peg," the boy ordered quietly as he tightened the cinch. "There's something up. Skid's never wrong. I don't know what it is, but we'd better hustle out of here. We can scrap when we hit that open flat the other side of the pass."

Skeptical but vaguely alarmed, the girl obeyed. The great red horse reared as she approached him and was difficult to bridle and cinch. He angered her, and she boxed his nose. While she coiled and replaced the reata the young horse continued to fret and prance.

"I can't imagine what's the matter with him, Cliff," she complained. "He's never acted this way before."

"Hurry up and get on."

Red Cloud pivoted and reared as the girl threw her leg across his back. She hit him between the ears with the flat of her hand. Down went his head. She yanked him up. She was a trifle conceited about her ability to handle horses. "Why!" she exclaimed in amazement. "I've never known him to think of bucking since he was a colt!"

Cliff paid no attention; he was looking intently over the black's pricked ears. "By George!" he groaned. "I thought so. Look along the hill there, Peg!"

The girl shaded her eyes. At first she

thought that the tongue, bright and queerly wide at the bottom, that flashed up among the trees was a strange dart of orange-colored lightning. Then with a start she understood.

"Why— it's fire!"

"Yes," said Cliff simply. "And Skid knew it—smelt it, I guess. That's why he neighed. If he hadn't, it would have been good night. Let's go!"

As the understanding horses bounded forward, racing for life, the first blast of wind came gustily down the oval. It was not cool and rain-scented, but hot and smoke-laden.

"No telling how long that's been burning over there while we two have loafed!" shouted Cliff. He was no longer a boy, but a man apprehensive for the life of one he adored.

As the running horses skirted the marshy meadow he calculated their chances. The oval was a flue; the rising wind would suck down through the little valley at terrific speed, bearing flame on its back, igniting the ancient, pitchy pines, the dry border grasses, the tangle of vegetation—turning the lovely spot into a swirling furnace! There was no retreat, no escape except by means of the trail to the pass, which before opening out on to the flat wound tortuously up through thick, then scattering pines. If they could win through the trees before the worst of the fire swept over the guarding ridges!

The smooth going of the meadow was behind them. Cliff reached the trail and pulled his horse to a walk. Both horses were puffing. Left alone, they would have attacked the precipitous ascent in killing spurts. The wind now was steady in their faces, choking them with thick smoke. Little particles of ash and charred flakes of bark went sailing past. A quarter mile of climbing lay in front. Each zigzag scramble was a thrilling move won in the gamble with death. Behind Skiddoo Red Cloud scuttled, careless of his footing, wild to pass the slower horse. Booming rolls of thunder drowned the noise of their progress. Red Cloud tried to shoulder Skiddoo out of the constricted trail, fighting against the girl's restraining hand. Cliff hit him on the nose with his quirt.

"Keep him back, Peg!" he shouted. "These horses have got to get us out. Too fast up these rocks'll kill 'em!"

Skiddoo, with the reins loose on his neck, now climbed at an orderly, driving walk. His head stretched long and low, his intelligent eyes chose the best footholds that the treacherous, rocky trail afforded. His sides heaved gently, as he "barged" through the pine thickets.

Not so Red Cloud! Doubts assailed him. His young heart was filled with trepidation. Fire was new to him, an appalling thing! And here Skiddoo was tolling him straight away from the safe, free meadow right into the vortex of danger! The fiery wind scorched him; each step took him farther into the heat and smoke—away from the clean wide space below.

A savage gust of wind and a small blazing branch square in the face decided him. Skiddoo was a fool not to mind the bright coals, to go crazily on into horror! He, Red Cloud, would return to the secure meadow. With forefeet lashing the air he whirled himself round. The girl, unwarmed, was struck in the face by a pine bough and half blinded. She recovered in time to check the maddened horse. The harsh bit hurt cruelly. He reared. She forced him down, forced him about. As his head pointed up the trail again another hot cinder peppered his sensitive nose. It was too much. He bucked, imperiling his life and Peg's. Then, finding that he could not retreat, he planted his legs firmly and refused to go anywhere.

At Peg's shout Cliff came hurrying to her. He ranged Skiddoo alongside. Peg spurred and Cliff quirked the fear-crazed animal. With head high, nostrils flaring red and heart indignant, Red Cloud endured their insane punishment.

"Get off, Peg!" yelled the boy. "Try leading him!"

But Red Cloud merely braced himself with ears back and eyes half closed. A handkerchief blindfold made him worse. Peg jerked the cloth away. She coaxed and pleaded. In the gathering darkness his lathered body shone; he cringed when the hot sparks touched him. A pine burst into flames twenty feet ahead of him, and he reared in terror.

"No use, Peg!" gasped the boy. "Our lives are worth more'n his! He'll have to take his chance!"

He flung himself into his saddle. Peg knew what to do. She ripped off the bridle from the sorrel beauty and, tossing it over the horn, gave his stubborn nose a farewell pat. Cloud

whistled in relief. The last Peg saw of him was his waving, red-gold tail as he bounded out of sight, a craven deserter!

The situation was as plain to her as to Cliff. Valuable minutes were gone. His hand was hardly needed for the leap behind his saddle. As if waiting for her, old Skiddoo jumped forward and then settled to his steady, rapid climb, stoutly carrying the additional load. Cliff and his outfit weighed approximately one hundred and ninety pounds; Peg weighed one hundred and twenty. The speed of the brave old horse—faster than Cliff could have done on foot—did not diminish. Only his laboring sides and flaring nostrils showed the strain. Once he hesitated as a dying pine blazed torchlike and then crashed across the trail. Cliff lifted the reins. At his shout the old horse gathered himself and leaped upward and over the crackling barrier. A slight stumble was his sole hint of effort.

Peg was sobbing quietly, not for herself, but for the loved horse that had failed her. Her face was pressed to Cliff's back and hidden in the folds of the slicker that he had wrapped about them both. Skiddoo was pilot. No guiding hand was needed for him. Cliff had said, "Go forward!" and Skiddoo, trusting, would go forward until he died.

They neared the top. Thunder roared and rumbled, and a few drops of rain smacked against the slicker. Cliff was constantly beating sparks from their smoldering clothes. Occasionally from the peephole that he allowed himself he saw and snatched brands away that lodged in the black horse's mane. Angry snorts told him when hot coals hit the old horse.

Through the last sparse pines the old horse bore them. Behind them smoke and flame obliterated the path. Here the trail was easier. Cliff slipped from the saddle and ran, with Skiddoo at his heels, each agilely dodging the larger tangles of brush that yet burned crisply. The ascent, no longer steep, was free from menacing pines. Wheezing and trembling, Skiddoo broke into a trot.

The horse halted on the little flat. Coughing, sputtering and wiping tears from their eyes, his riders drew lungfuls of the sweet, untainted air. As Peg slid to the ground a tremendous clap of thunder reverberated over the range, and, like a fiend from the seas, a veritable flood of rain drove through the air, swishing past them and hissing on the burning pines and shrubbery below. Jets of steam spouted from burning, rotten stumps.

Cliff threw a singed raincoat round Peg and laughed. "Well," he said calmly, "first we get burnt up, and then we get drowned. Tain't consistent!"

Skiddoo, whose breath was restored, was as prosaic as his master. Always in good appetite, he stooped his head and with a long, flapping lip cropped a bit of grass that the flames had overlooked.

Peg was still crying. Presently she ceased and began to pat the old black horse.

"Scarecrow now, isn't he? Homelier than ever!" observed his master, with a wonderfully tender expression on his face.

"Don't you dare to call him names, Cliff White!" she retorted. "His old burnt hide's the finest thing I ever saw!"

"Changed your mind, have you?" said Cliff and then added remorsefully, "I didn't mean that, Peg. Poor Cloud couldn't help it. He was just obeying his nature. Skiddoo would have done the same and been roasted—except that he trusted me and believed what I told him!"

The rain began to decrease. As Cliff peered toward Half Moon Valley he could see that the storm centre was moving eastward. He ventured a word of comfort. Peg, he knew, had loved Red Cloud with all her passionate heart.

"See that rain come down, Peg!" he said. "It's gone right down the valley. Perhaps young Cloud got his chance; that is, if the water beat the fire to the meadow and—"

He never completed the sentence. A long-drawn-out whinny, shrill and desperate, came floating up from below them. Old Skiddoo wheeled, pricked up his ears and answered defiantly.

Wild hope showed in Peg's tear-streaked face. "O Cliff!" she cried. "It—"

"Yes, it is!" he cried, smiling as joyously as she, for Peg's loves were his.

With a cracking of branches and a scrabble of iron-shod hoofs on rocks, the coward rioted out upon them, calling his terror and relief, flaunting the remnants of his once glorious tail and mane! He stopped beside the old black and, confident of welcome, tried to tell him in little shuddering whickers all about the dreadful time. Skiddoo laid

back his ears and punctured his trust with one well-aimed kick. Peg and Cliff shouted with laughter.

"Never mind, honey," crooned Peg, cuddling the shamed head, drooping, proud no longer. "Skiddoo hates you, and you were a coward, you know! But we'll vaseline your mane and tail, and soon you'll be beautiful

again. And you can live with Skiddoo, and perhaps he'll learn to like you once more. And maybe when you're as old as Skid you'll have a brave and pretty soul to match your pretty body!"

She did not see the quiet smile that Cliff wore as he rubbed the black's old scarred head.

## BUSINESS MAGIC

By James Parker Long

**B**UT why? Why?"

Harry Nichols paused a moment in his resentful circuit of the room to lean his clenched fists on the table before Josie Stryker and hurl the demand into her set face.

"Why is it that I come here one night and find you planning the details of our wedding and then two nights later you tell me you are not going to marry me?"

The gray eyes that stared so unflinchingly into his hotly wrathful ones and the quiet voice that answered his half-shouted words were calm. "I am afraid, Harry."

"Afraid?"

"Yes. I have been worried right along because of your way of thinking about the folks you dealt with. It is so cruel, so cold. And then the things that have happened in the last two days made it so plain that I did not dare go ahead."

"Don't you fret about my quitting Stryker & Kimball. There are other real-estate firms in the world. A man that can sell the way I can is able to walk into any office in the country and sign up. Don't you worry. I can always take care of you."

"I am not worrying about that. But when you left Johnson's it was the same thing, and before that when you left Henderson's; and I don't know how often before that. They objected to the way you took care of their patrons, and you shrugged your shoulders and kept right on with no one's welfare but your own in mind. When I spoke to you about it you would not listen. You passed it off with talk about not being in business for anyone's health but your own. When I sent old Allen Barton and Madam, my old nurse, around to you and asked you to help them out, and you took all their savings and sold them a rotten old grocery store where no one ever made a living, it brought things to a head. They trusted you, and so did I; and you failed us all."

The quiet voice was beginning to tremble. "And when father protested at what we all felt was an unfair way to treat a customer you insulted him and resigned."

"I surely did. Just a week before he had urged me to do my best to work off that Blodgett place and promised an extra commission. I told him—and it's the truth—that I am not working for the buyer and the seller both. I am the agent of the seller. He hires me to sell, and just so long as I sell I am a business success. I am sorry about those Bartons, but I explained the situation to them; if they will get after it, they can make a go of it all right."

"No, Harry, you were not representing anyone in that deal but yourself. It was that extra commission and the thought of beating out the other salesmen that made you forget about me and my wishes. And it made me wonder if you would be any more regardful of me after we were married. I thought that when love came into your life your point of view would widen and you would get to love other folks. As it is, you are so hypnotized by the need to succeed that you hypnotize the people you are dealing with. But you also frighten them off. In a little city like this you have to deal with the same people over and over, and after you have made a person buy something he did not want you may be sure he won't come back. To use your own language, you sold me yourself at the first interview, but you are a 'high-pressure salesman,' and you 'could not make the goods stick.' If you had changed as I had hoped, we could have been happy, but I see now that you can't change."

"Then all there is to say is good-by?"

"I am afraid that is all, Harry."

"I won't pester you. I don't agree with most of what you say, but we must not get into an argument. Good-by."

"I want you to promise me one thing."

"Anything that I can."

"I want you to promise me that, if ever you decide that the Golden Rule will work and that a salesman can help both the buyer and the seller, you will tell me so."

"That's a safe promise."

The door closed. On one side of it a gray-eyed girl dropped her head upon her arms. On the other the alert figure of Harry Nichols teetered uncertainly on his heels; his future suddenly had become a thing without attraction. Instinctively his feet carried him in the direction of the office where he had been working, but before he turned in at the door he remembered that he was not welcome there.

With that realization came the thought, "The man that is to blame for all this trouble is old Allen Barton. His squealing to Stryker was what started Josie off. These people that run around complaining because they think they've had the worst of a deal make me sick! I'll go and tell that old hayseed what I think of him before I do another thing."

The store was merely a large room built on the front of one of the drab story-and-a-half houses that made up the community of mill workers. It occupied a corner at a street-car intersection,—that had been one of Harry's arguments,—and there were dingy display windows on both streets.

Harry sniffed at the looks of the untidy windows.

In the half light of the dim interior he hesitated a moment, trying to find the proprietor. A mellow, motherly invitation came from the back of the store.

"Here we are. Come on along back." And then the voice went on to some one else: "Yes, my dear, you're no older than my granddaughter'd be if the good Lord had given me one, and I wouldn't feel folksy letting you do any wasteful shopping in my store. You hadn't ought to buy so many taters right now. They're still coming in from the south, but within a week or two they'll be fetching 'em in from the farms around. They'll be just as good and a sight cheaper. Just you do up half a peck; that will be enough and to spare. I'd wrap 'em myself if I had any eyes, but here I be half blind, and Al in the hospital, and no clerk yet."

Harry leaned against the counter and watched this unique way of waiting on customers. The old lady swung back and forth in her rocker and ran on: "No, nor I wouldn't buy any of those little potted things. They're tasty all right, but unless a body is made of money they'd better stick to the raw stuff and do their own cooking. Why don't ye try one of those salt fish? Fresh it up good, boil some taters and fry a morsel of salt pork and make a boat of drawn butter sauce,—it's best with boiled egg, but that ain't noways necessary,—and you've got something filling and tasty and cheap at the same time. Yes, my dear, you will have to make the change yourself. I can't see for shucks. You tell your neighbors that we are running the store now and will be mighty glad to sell them their groceries, and tell them we're folks. We've had a hard enough time getting along, so that we want to help other folks' stead of selling them a lot of stuff they don't want no more than a cat needs an extra set of legs."

"Well, my dear? Oh, I see now! It's a young man; pretty bold of an old lady like me talking up so free. What can I do for you?"

"I should like to talk with Mr. Barton."

The cutting remarks that Harry had intended to make had left him. It was a shock to realize that the old lady who had been in the background while the sale was being made was nearly blind, and somehow the

brave way that she was trying to run the store in spite of her affliction appealed to his sympathy. Who ever heard of customers' being invited to go to the cash register and make their own change! And her way of selling was equally foolish. Here she had an inexperienced little housewife who wanted to buy a big bill of goods, and she had deliberately prevented her!

"Why, you must be the clerk I telephoned for. The agent wouldn't promise, but he found you all right. Did he say that we could only pay two dollars a day to start? And where they'll be coming from I don't know. But it's like this, you see. We bought this store just a couple weeks ago, and come to find out it wasn't such a bargain as we thought first off, though it's a fact there wasn't a thing that young man said that wasn't so. But Al—that's my man, you know—Al got to worrying. He's getting old, and I don't see very good, and all our savings except just a little was in this; so Al got to worrying, and he took down sick so he's to the hospital, and things don't look so good that we can promise much money nor even a steady job."

For a moment Harry had nothing to say. There was certainly nothing for him to do in the real-estate business in that city. He had worked for every firm there, and yet could not go back to any because of hot words spoken at the time of parting. And here was an old woman trying to run a business and sell goods on a Golden Rule basis. Why not loiter round for the few weeks it would take the woman to go bankrupt? The low salary meant nothing to him; he had all his savings that were to have furnished a home.

"I'll take you. When do I begin?"

"Right away, son; and if you would do a little housecleaning first off, I would feel better. If I hadn't been so blind I'd have gone crazy the way things must be in here."

As Harry hunted up the rubber "slatter" and let some daylight through the dirty windows he agreed that she probably would have done just that. He had no knowledge of retail trade save his salesman's instinctive feeling for what would attract folks, but that made him spend busy afternoon mopping the floors, reversing the package goods on the shelves so that the fresher-looking ones from in back were in sight and waiting on an occasional customer.

All the customers knew just what they wanted except one, and on him Harry turned himself loose. "Here is my meat," he thought as he noticed the hesitant manner of the shy little man with the pencil-scratched list in his hand, and he proceeded to sell him a choice assortment of the oldest and most battered stock in the place, only stopping when the worried look and the anxious hand feeling in the money pocket told him that the bottom of the purse was in sight.

Meanwhile old Madam Barton had nothing to say. As he worked she rocked and glowed with satisfaction at the sounds of bustle about her. When the laden customer had gone out Harry could not resist a little boasting, even though the wrinkled mouth of the old lady was drawn out into a straight line of disapproval.

"Maybe that wasn't selling!" he announced as he opened a blank book to start a "want" list of goods sold out. "That little fellow came in here to buy a package of toothpicks and a cake of soap, and before I got through with him I had sold him sixteen dollars' worth of odds and ends. If he comes in here again he will have enough stuff to start a store of his own!"

His brag rather trailed out at the end. The old lady was staring at him in a bothered way; her poor pale-blue eyes were wide open with sorrow.

"But, my boy, we can't do that. That wouldn't be folksy. Maybe he needs that money for something else. Maybe he has been saving it against his rent. Run out and catch him and tell him that, if he wants to return any of it, we will be glad to buy it back."

Harry went out grudgingly. But when he found the little fellow hovering uncertainly on the street corner and marked the flush of happiness in his face as he sold half his purchases back again he could not help feeling better over the second half of the transaction than over the first.

That was not the only time that Harry's instinct got the better of him in the next two weeks. But the times grew fewer, and whenever the watchful old lady caught him overloading a buyer and made him correct it he found that the store had gained a steady customer. When it was not corrected the person never came again. Harry was honest enough with himself to wonder if it was not so also

*He had grown  
so engrossed  
in his  
problems that  
he hardly ever  
glanced  
toward it*

DRAWN BY  
JOHN GOSS



with larger sales. Satisfied buyers came back to the grocery, and the flood of satisfied customers promised to make the business a success. Why not real estate? For a time he soothed himself with the thought that real estate was sold only once in a long time, whereas groceries were sold every day or two. But he could not long convince himself of the truth of that.

As the store business began to pick up, his business instinct began to urge him. The nervous excitement that had driven him before the completion of a big sale of real estate was with him all the while, and idea after idea chased through his head to further the prosperity of the business. Some worked, some failed. His purchase of a bankrupt stock of goods drained the credit of the Bartons, already quaky, to the last shred, and the concern trembled on the brink as he struggled to sell the old and shop-worn stuff on the strict money-back policy that Madam Barton had insisted on.

On the other hand a chance conversation overheard between farmers, having to do with the difficulty of disposing of their produce, led to an arrangement whereby he agreed to dispose of the produce of certain farmers at a price higher than they had been getting but lower than he had been paying the middle men; and when he passed that saving along to the buyers he found his shop thronged with canny housewives eager for strictly fresh vegetables, eggs and dairy butter, and he had to hire another clerk.

He had not cared to associate with his old friends because of the difficulty of explaining just why a man with his earning capacity should be working for day wages in a tiny, neighborhood store. Because idleness made him think of Josie, he fell into the habit of studying nights or working on store problems of one sort and another. He was alone a great deal. Since old Al had returned from the hospital his wife had spent much time with him.

The door into the little office between the store and the house was open much of the time, but he had grown so engrossed in his problems that he hardly ever glanced toward it, even when additional stir announced that there were visitors in the room beyond. So it was that he was never conscious of gray eyes that watched him as he bent over his accounts and full red lips that seemed pursed to whisper, "I told you so."

The day came when he felt those eyes on him and looked up. Across the two rooms through the door he stared into the eyes of Josie—Josie who had grown accustomed to drop in so frequently on her old nurse and watch Harry at his work. In that instant time was obliterated. All the turmoil of

thwarted emotions was back in Harry's heart. The big daybook slammed shut, and without a word to the clerk in the front of the store Harry rushed through the store and into the street.

When he came back Josie was gone, but he knew that he could not go on now. After all, why should he? He had made the store profitable. The Bartons could hire other clerks and keep on. His going would mean nothing to them. Nothing? He doubted it. Men of his ability content to submerge themselves in another's business were few and high-priced, and he could not believe that the kindly light in Madam Barton's eyes meant only approval of a profitable servant. But either he or they must go. The danger of meeting Josie was too great, and to meet her without things having been settled was unthinkable.

He went on into the living quarters, and an hour later he owned the store. The Bartons had their savings back and more, so much more that he was amazed at himself, for Madam had merely said, "Yes, yes," and signed the paper without looking at the amount. "Why should I bargain, my boy?" she had protested. "You know so much more than I how much it is worth, and after these months we are sure of you."

The old folks were eager to return to a little house in the country, where their money would support them in quiet. The next morning the place was a tumult of packing. To Harry in the office, struggling to shift his mind from the memory of gray eyes to figures of inventory, came a short and bristly moustached little man who delivered his card and announced himself as T. J. Whitham of the Black and Yellow Stores, Inc. Without further preamble he declared that he had been watching the store, and his corporation had decided that it was worth adding to their chain. They were willing to pay so much for the stock, fixtures and good will. He was so familiar with the contents of the store that Harry could only gasp.

As a salesman Harry handled the opportunity atrociously. He not only betrayed the former bad history of the site, but even the fact that only the day before he had bought the store for half the amount offered. Whitham shrugged and smiled, and finally Harry agreed.

"But," he announced, "I wouldn't feel right about taking all that profit myself. There would be no use talking to Madam, so I guess we will settle it by splitting that profit in half. Make two checks, one to me and one to Mrs. Allen Barton."

There was more talk, in the course of which Harry agreed to take a new position as a kind of "trouble man" whose duty was

to go round and put poorly paying stores on a paying basis.

"And," concluded the financier, "since the trouble is nearly always in the point of view of the manager, we want your policy drummed into them. I don't know whether you have ever put it into words, but as we watched you it seems to come to this, 'The man that sells the goods is the servant both of the buyer and of the producer.'"

Not knowing the effect that these words had had on Harry's life when uttered by another person, he wondered at the sudden paleness of the young man's face. Then he went out.

Harry gave Madam's check to her, feeling all the time that Josie was in the same house with him. That of course could not be; his rudeness of the day before must have driven her out of his life forever. Then he went to his desk and sat down to write a letter he had thought he should never be able to write. He turned the paper over and over for many minutes; the feeling that Josie was in the house grew stronger and stronger, until it seemed as if she had come through the door and was standing at his elbow. He struggled to keep himself from turning to look. At last he wrote:

"Dear Josie: Your theory works. I was wrong. Things are coming so fast that it seems almost magical in what it does for a fellow. But it isn't magical. If it were, it would have brought me you as well as money and position."

As his pen wrote the last word a hand rested on his shoulder, and a voice whispered in his ear: "Even that, Harry, my dear."



#### THE CHILD OF A FLEXIBLE BRAIN

A COMPANION reader received the following letter from an American teacher in one of the English schools of China; it was written by a Chinese boy who was applying for a position with a firm in Shanghai.

Messrs. Leacock and Wilson, Ltd.  
Shanghai

Dear Sirs:  
I am Sing. It is for my personal benefit that I write to ask for a position in your honorable firm.

I have a flexible brain that will adapt itself to your business and in consequence bring efforts to your honorable selves. My education was impressed upon me in the Peking University, in which place I graduated Number one. I can drive a typewriter with good noise, and my English is great.

My references are of the good, and should you hope to see me, they will be ready by you with great pleasure.

My last job has left itself from me, for the good reason that the large man was dead. It was on account of no fault of mine.

So, honorable sirs, what about it? If I can be of big use to you, I will arrive on some date that you should guess.

Faithfully,

L. S. SING

# THE SPLENDID YEAR

*By Arthur Stanwood Pier*

## Chapter Nine In fighting trim

AFTER the Christmas vacation a room was found for Sydney in the Upper School; Harold Dennison, who had seemed unable to keep up with his class, had been withdrawn from St. Timothy's by his disengaged parents, and Sydney was transferred to the quarters that he had occupied. He left Mr. and Mrs. Warner with regret; Mr. Warner said to him: "You see, it's just as I predicted; you've no sooner begun to make yourself useful man about the house than you're taken away from us. The children will miss you as much as Mrs. Warner and I shall."

"I'm glad if I haven't been just a nuisance to you," Sydney answered. "You've certainly done everything for me."

"The next boarder will have a poor time of it," Mr. Warner said. "You've set a hard pace for him."

It was pleasant to know that he had left so favorable an impression; it was with genuine feeling that he took his departure from the home of those who had been his first and kindest friends in St. Timothy's School. Yet he could not help being glad that he was to be henceforth in the centre of activities, no longer secluded in the house of even so attractive a family as the Warners. He welcomed the new arrangement all the more because he had returned to the school feeling more gloomy than ever about his health and more than ever in need of excitement and distraction. The interview that he had had with the doctor had been disquieting. He had been put through a most thorough and searching physical examination, at the end of which the doctor had questioned him minutely about the life he led at school, the amount and kind of exercises he took, the occasions on which he had felt fatigued; he especially desired to know if Sydney had at any time subjected himself to any severe exertion. Sydney could not remember ever having done so. "In fact," he said, "I've behaved all the time, I guess, as if I were hopped on myself."

"It's just as well," the doctor said gravely.

Sydney's heart sank. "What's the matter?" he asked. "Do you find I'm worse than I was?"

"Oh, no, no worse," said the doctor. "But I want you this next term to be just as careful as you say you've been this last; be particularly careful not to do anything violent. Then when you come home for the April vacation I shall want to look you over again."

To Sydney it had all seemed very discouraging and ominous. Evidently he was no better; very likely the doctor had found something even more noticeably wrong than before; otherwise, why the careful inquiry into just the sort of exercise that he had been taking? "If he would only come out and tell a fellow what he's discovered," he wouldn't be so bad," Sydney thought. "I feel as if I could bear anything, even the worst, if it were put right up to me. But this being kept in the dark,—and I can't make him tell me anything really,—that gets hold of my nerves."

As his mother seemed to have grown less apprehensive about his health, he did not distract her by communicating his own misgivings. She was evidently quite satisfied to hear that the doctor had pronounced him "no worse." It was a relief anyway not to have her worrying about him as she had done when he first went to St. Timothy's; and he made up his mind to keep his troubles to himself, not only at home but also at school.

So when he returned after the Christmas vacation he assumed and maintained a gayety of spirit that his friends found delightful. His room in the Upper School

DRAWING BY T. VICTOR HALL

became a popular resort for the livelier members of the fifth form. He and Kay enlarged their repertoire of comedy; they carried on long excited dialogues in the broken English of an Italian immigrant, to their own amusement and usually to that of their friends; they elaborated strange dances, in which Sydney was always careful to get his effects by grave and stately demeanor instead of by anything that in a doctor's eyes might savor of "violent exertion"; they sang songs and started others to shouting out the choruses; and not infrequently the direct intervention of a master was necessary to bring to an end a gathering that from being hilarious had become boisterous. Sydney's popularity and prestige increased with his schoolmates if not with the masters; they said of him that he had more life and go than any mere athlete. He paid the usual penalty of popularity in almost never being left alone. Whatever he did and wherever he went he was pretty sure to be surrounded by friends. The decline in his scholarship, though not serious, was sufficient to enable Northrop to regain his place at the head of the class. In the crowd that gathered in front of the bulletin board after the new rank list had been posted Sydney saw Northrop, reached out and laid a hand on his shoulder. "Can't keep a good man down—not for long," he said.

Northrop, embarrassed, answered, "The best man is always sure to come back."

"Sure; that's what he's done," said Sydney, and Northrop's embarrassment became more acute; he blushed, protested that his words had been taken in the wrong way, and that what he had really meant—

"Oh, we all know what you meant, Jack," Sydney interrupted with a laugh. "Call off the blushes." And with a friendly arm he drew him away from the amused crowd.

"Of course I know why it happened that I'm in first place again," said Northrop. "It's just that you're in things so much now that you don't have the time for studying that you had before."

"Look here," said Sydney in mild exasperation. "Get over making excuses for yourself when you succeed at something."

"Succeed!" There was bitterness in Northrop's utterance of the word.

"That kind of success is nothing—just nothing. When I can show that I've once really succeeded in doing something that's hard for me—then it will be different."

"I notice you keep plugging away collecting specimens of rocks," Sydney answered. "There's nothing easy about sticking to a lonely job like that."

"It isn't succeeding unless I win," Northrop replied. "And I guess I'm still a long way from the prize."

The weeks of winter passed slowly; but when in March the snow had all melted from the hills Northrop resumed his lonely tramps. Stearns, with the lure of prize night now not so far distant, also stirred himself and sallied forth frequently with his hammer and canvas bag; Sydney and Henderson made collecting expeditions less often.

On these walks Henderson collected specimens earnestly, Sydney lazily; he seemed indeed to take more interest in Henderson's collection than in his own.

"If you don't win the prize, you'll come mighty close to it," he remarked one afternoon in Henderson's room. They had just returned from a walk, and Henderson had spilled his garners out of his bag upon the table. He had also opened the drawer in which he kept his specimens and

so had given Sydney a view of his entire collection.

"We don't know what Stearns and Northrop have got," Henderson answered. "There's plenty of time yet for anyone to win. Pretty soon now the spring will be getting into my blood, and then I won't be half so energetic."

The spring vacation came the first week in April; Sydney faced it with a certain dread. The medical examination that he should have to undergo was a thing from which he shrank far more than he would have done from any ordeal that would have meant severe physical pain. At home he kept putting the visit to the doctor off from day to day until his mother's urgency could no longer be resisted.

The doctor went through the customary procedure with his usual gravity and deliberation. When he had finished he leaned back in his chair and looked at Sydney with an expression that seemed to the boy compassionate.

"I wish you'd tell me the worst," Sydney exclaimed. "No matter how bad it is, please tell me."

"Well," said the doctor slowly, "since you insist upon knowing, I shall have to pronounce you physically sound—one hundred per cent perfect."

Hope struggled with incredulity in Sydney's face. "Do you really mean it?" he asked in a voice hushed and vibrant.

"It would be a poor joke if I didn't." The doctor smiled. "The heart stands the shock all right, doesn't it? Yes, Sydney, as far as I can tell, the damage that was done has been repaired. Last winter when I went over you I was delighted with the improvement, but I didn't want to say so for fear you'd get careless and feel you could do a lot of things that it might be imprudent for you to do. I thought it was just as well that you should continue to feel scared. But now—well, I should say you could do anything you want to now."

"This is the happiest day of my life," said Sydney. "I never expected to live to see such a day."

He walked home conscious only of an all-embracing radiance in the world about him. The sun was shining, the grass was green, the fresh April wind blew out of a cool blue sky. When he came to the corner of the block in which he lived he suddenly startled the few persons who were on the sidewalk by sprinting at full speed; he turned at full speed in at the gate and raced up the driveway. It was the first time in more than two years that he had run like that; he was amazed and delighted to find that he could run like that and feel at the end of the sprint only a little out of breath.

He rushed into the house shouting, "Mother! Girls!" And when immediately

his mother and sisters made a startled appearance on the stairs he called up to them: "I'm cured! What do you know about that! Hundred per cent cured, doctor says!"

"Oh, Syd, how lovely!" "Oh, Syd, I'm so glad!" His sisters flung themselves upon him, enraptured; his mother came hurrying down the stairs so agitated, so overjoyed that she could not speak.

"How does it feel to be full of health?" Sydney exclaimed. He picked his mother up and carried her about the room while she besought him, almost tearfully, not to hurt himself. "Impossible," he said. "Nothing can hurt me now." He set his mother down and caught up one of his sisters. "I've got to have exercise—I'm much too soft."

He began prancing round the room; the sister in his arms shrieked with delight, and the other sister clamored for her turn. Meanwhile his mother followed him, crying out: "Sydney dear, are you sure it's all right? Do be careful! Don't overdo!"

In time she became persuaded that it really was safe for Sydney to use his strength in whatever way he chose, and she ceased to protest against the earnestness with which he devoted himself to strenuous exercise. He meant to get himself into good hard fighting trim as soon as possible—not that he had any intention of fighting anyone, but he did intend to abandon the part of passive spectator that he had endured for so long and go again into athletics. So he rigged up the punching bag that had been hidden away for more than two years, and every morning and afternoon during the remainder of the vacation he hammered it with his fists until the sweat streamed from his body and he panted for breath.

He returned to St. Timothy's with an eagerness and an expectancy that contrasted with the gloomy and foreboding spirit in which he had made the previous return. It happened that as he was about to mount the steps of the Upper School Kay and Northrop emerged from the building. They made for him, shouting; he shook hands first with Northrop and then with Kay, and still holding Kay's hand, he said solemnly:

"In one minute I'm going to put you on your back on that grass."

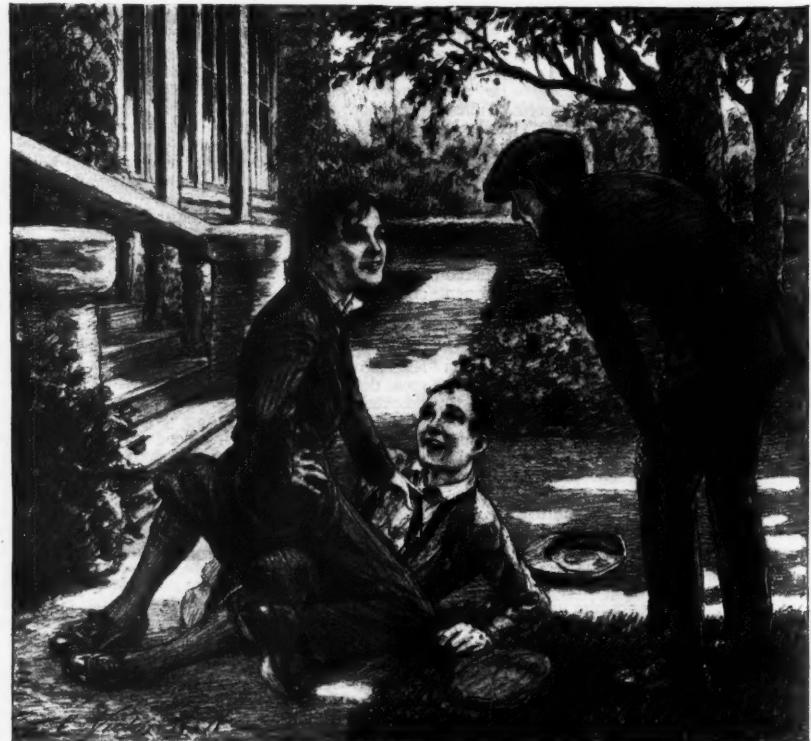
"Go on," scoffed Kay. "What are you talking about?"

Sydney seized him about the waist, Kay retaliated, and the two engaged in a struggle that soon became violent. After a few moments Kay cried: "Quit it, Syd; I'm afraid you'll hurt yourself."

"Don't worry about me," grunted Sydney. "I'll have you down in a moment, and then I can rest."

"You will not," Kay made a supreme effort, the two rocked together a moment, and then they went down—Kay underneath.

"Maybe I ought to put you down too, Jack; you were mixed up in that"



Before he could wriggle into a defensive position Sydney was astride of him, pinning his shoulders to the ground.

"You've got the strength of the insane," gasped Kay, looking up at him. "You're crazy to do this kind of thing, Syd. You might kill yourself."

Sydney chuckled. "Now we're square for that first time I ever saw you, when you tipped me over on my back." He looked round. "Maybe I ought to put you down too, Jack; you were mixed up in that."

"Count it done," said Northrop. "If you can handle Fred, you can handle me. But I think like Fred, you're crazy."

"Not crazy at all," said Sydney, getting up. "Just a case of *mens sana in corpore sano*. Jack knows what that means, if you don't, Fred."

"You mean you're really all right now and can do things?"

"That's what the doctor tells me."

"Oh, boy! Isn't that great?" They danced round him, slapping his back and wringing his hands. Kay continued to exclaim and to chuckle while he and Northrop accompanied Sydney up the stairs to his room. "And you're a Pythian too! What a stroke that was when we landed you! I guess it will be the Corinthians that will have heart disease! What are you going to do—row, track or baseball?"

"I think I'll try to play baseball. I used to play."

"What position?"

Sydney was about to say "First base" when he remembered that Northrop had once mentioned to him that he hoped he might win that position on the Pythian nine. So he said, "Oh, I guess I'll try for a place in the outfield."

The fame of Sydney's new-found health spread among his friends and among the masters; for the first day or two after his return it seemed to him that everybody was congratulating him. Mr. Warner, who stopped Sydney as he was going out of the Latin class was as hearty as anyone in expressing his satisfaction; he added somewhat wistfully: "I suppose now we shan't see you any more on our walks, Sydney."

"I shall miss them," Sydney answered, "but I think I shall probably be doing something else in the afternoons."

"Of course you will, and I'm mighty glad you can."

"They helped me when nothing much seemed worth while," Sydney said. "Perhaps I ought to say that you helped me."

"If I did, you passed it on to others. That's the real reason that I shall miss you so much. Well,"—Mr. Warner gathered up the books from his desk,—"I needn't feel melancholy, as if we were about to part. I can still look forward to the pleasure of hearing you recite five times a week."

As Sydney had made a rather poor recitation in Latin that day, there was as much malice as sentiment in the remark. He grinned at Mr. Warner appreciatively and took his departure.

When the baseball season opened Sydney's value to the Pythian nine became immediately apparent. On the first day of practice he cavorted about in centre field, as Henderson, who was looking on, expressed it, quite like a professional, pulling down long flies, gathering short line hits, making swift and accurate throws to the plate. At the bat he displayed equal proficiency; Ned Harris, the captain of the nine, was jubilant.

"Tell me the name of that doctor of yours and I'll send him a present," he said when Sydney came in from the field, after making a brilliant catch. "What a crime it would have been not to let you play!"

It soon became a question, however, whether the talents that Sydney exhibited in the outfield might not be utilized more profitably elsewhere. He had height and reach; he ought to be an ideal first baseman. Northrop was by no means ideal in that position; he didn't often make an error, but he seemed unable to stretch for a ball and so to save the other infielders from making errors. So one afternoon shortly before the day set for the first game with the Corinthians, Harris sent Northrop out to centre field and called Sydney in to first base.

Henderson, looking on, saw the dejected expression on Northrop's face, the droop of his head. He noted too the reluctance with which Sydney came in from the outfield and the glance of concern that he gave Northrop as he passed. Henderson wondered if Sydney, placed at first base, would play below the standard he had shown in centre field. It soon became evident that he had no intention of doing that. Wherever he was placed he would do his best

for the team; that was clear; and he stretched and scooped up wild throws and "speared" high ones in a manner that caused among the spectators audible delight. Out in centre field meanwhile Northrop showed the same defects that had marred his playing at first base. He was sure enough in handling balls that came to him, but he did not cover much ground.

"More Corinthians will hit home runs with Northrop out there," remarked Harry Lindsay to Henderson. "But more of them will die at first."

"Yes, and I guess that with Harris pitching not many Corinthians will hit home runs," replied Henderson.

"You've said it."

Henderson did not stay to see the end of the practice. Seized with sympathy for Northrop, he was also seized with an idea,

and without waiting to consider it in all its ramifications he hastened to his room, determined to act upon it. Poor Jack had been through failures enough, he thought; he was going to help him to have at least one success.

In his room he went carefully over his collection of mineralogical specimens and picked out the five or six best pieces. They were stones that it had given him really something of a thrill to find—stones that he had looked upon often after he had brought them home and always with a certain sense of satisfaction in the possession of them. They were of course of no intrinsic value, but in the competition for the prize collection of minerals they might be of the greatest value. If he parted with them, his chance of winning the prize would be gone. Well, he knew as he looked at them that he felt as

Sydney had felt—the prize would mean more to Northrop than it would to him. Yet he had never quite abandoned the idea of winning it. Just for once to show his family what he could do if he tried!

He did not hesitate long; he gathered up the specimens and carried them into Northrop's room. Then he looked round to see where Northrop kept his collection; he opened the drawers of his desk and finally the bottom drawer of his bureau. There was the carefully guarded heap of stones; Henderson looked it over with interest. There were specimens such as he had brought, several of each kind, but none quite so perfect.

He buried his contribution among the other stones in Northrop's drawer. He was still bending over the drawer when the door opened and Northrop entered.

TO BE CONCLUDED.

## WHEN THE BREEZE FELL

By Louis Felix Ranlett



S Clark Whitsun pushed his way out through the tangle of osier stems that separated the moist wood road from the big, hillside pasture before him he heard an unexpected buzz of voices. Somewhere just beyond the scattering of plumelike young cedars that had encroached upon the slope a number of young fellows were talking.

Clark stopped to listen. He was going fishing, and he did not want to meet a group of fishermen from Kingsport, who might perhaps follow him to the good hole that he knew of. The voices continued evenly and were punctuated with an occasional shout.

What was going on? Clark became curious. When he had located the source of the sound he started toward it. He had not taken three steps before he saw something that startled him. Above the trees fifty yards away appeared a brilliant red box. It shot forward several yards in a succession of singular, jerky rushes and then dropped from sight.

"That's a new one," thought Clark. "It can't be fishermen or picnickers, and who else would come out here?"

When he reached the spot where the box had disappeared he smiled at his own astonishment. Three uniformed Boy Scouts of perhaps sixteen years were gathered about a six-foot box kite of red cotton.

"Not enough wind?" he asked.

"Afraid not," said one. "This will be a dizzy demonstration if some doesn't show up mighty soon. We've got this radio here," he pointed to a closed suit case that Clark had not noticed before,—"and we're s'posed to get in touch with 2ZD down at the port to tell 'em we've done the whole twenty-five miles we planned."

"Can't do it, you see," said another, "unless we get up this kite antenna."

"How's she fixed?" Clark inquired. "Wire hang down from the kite, or do you use it for a string? I should think it would be pretty heavy either way."

"This six-foot kite'll lift half a mile of the wire we've got on that reel. The stuff won't kink much."

"We use it as a string and aerial both," added the first boy. "But it takes wind to lift the kite."

"Have a look at the set," said the Scout who was kneeling.

Clark set down his unjointed rod and bent over the case; it contained two homemade sets, a single-tube continuous-wave transmitter and a two-tube receiver. In the space not occupied by the instruments were the "B" batteries and a miscellaneous collection of headsets, spare bits of wire, pliers and tape. The boys had left their bicycles in a thicket off the highway a quarter of a mile distant. One had carried the instrument case, one the small "A" battery, and one the reel of wire and the knocked-down kite.

"Great stuff!" Clark remarked as he left them. "Hope you get some wind."

"Hope you get some fish," they replied.

On he went up the gradual open slope of the pasture beyond the trees. The Scouts watched him for several minutes until he had disappeared. Beyond the crest of the hill his path led down steeply through a narrow band of scrub oak, through the cleared swarth where the wires of the Presimpic Valley Electric Power Company ran and down the tree-covered outcroppings of a ledge to the lake. The last few rods were a

scramble and rush. He brought himself up at the bank by hooking an arm round a convenient birch. Then he moved south along the shore for a short distance to where there was more space between the ledge and the bank. Having jointed his rod and bundled the case into the bottom of the creel, he started casting out a small trolling spoon.

The second cast brought a strike, but he did not strike quickly enough in return. Ten more minutes of trolling had no result. Clark fitted on a bob and a sinker, clambered out upon a rock that stood up from the bottom and proceeded to sound until he had adjusted the line to the depth. Then he baited and watched for the bob to disappear.

He did not have long to wait. In a minute it was gone. In two minutes a fine base lay flopping inside the creel. In three minutes the bob was out again. There was a longer wait this time, but he did not mind; he liked to look off across the solitary water and think how he had it all to himself—except for a loon that, equally pleased with the solitude, was diving and laughing down off the point. He liked to watch the skippers darting on the sheltered surface below the rock, to see the wavelets chasing endlessly by the bob and to watch the shadows of the kingfishers swing across the surface.

Shadows! What was that strange big shadow? The loon dived silently. Clark turned and looked up over his shoulder. A fresher puff of air struck his face. High above the hilltop swung the crimson kite.

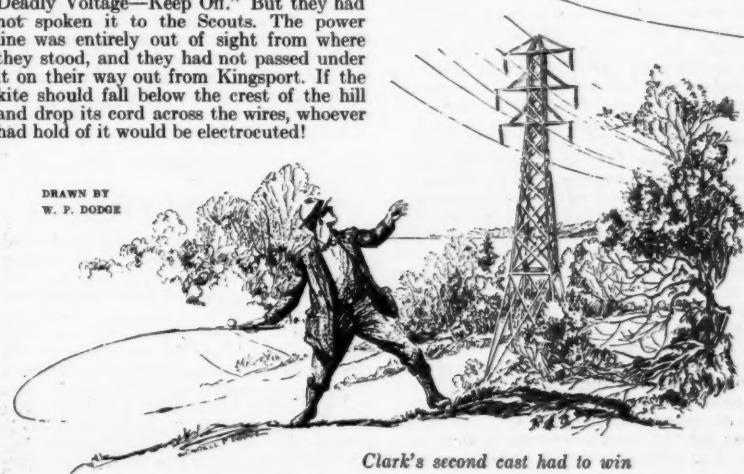
Clark watched it as it gained altitude and rose toward a point over the shore. He was a little indignant that people were trespassing on the solitude of his lake. The dots and dashes that were going out from that copper cord on which the kite swung were inaudible where he was, but perfectly distinct twenty-five miles away. However, an intruding kite wasn't so bad as that power line the giant towers of which scarred the hillslope.

Just then the kite, which now was almost over the shore three hundred yards to the north, wobbled and dived. What would happen if the wind should fail and the kite drop on the high voltage wires? The red signs on each corner of each tower had spoken their warning to him many times: "Danger—Deadly Voltage—Keep Off." But they had not spoken it to the Scouts. The power line was entirely out of sight from where they stood, and they had not passed under it on their way out from Kingsport. If the kite should fall below the crest of the hill and drop its cord across the wires, whoever had hold of it would be electrocuted!

Clark's second cast had to win—and it did! The sinker soared higher than the wires, higher than the copper cord. As it dropped the hook snagged the cord. Clark was already running diagonally away from the wires.

The kite gave a jump upward as it felt the new pull, and the jump carried it free of the wires. Clark continued to run, pulling the kite inward toward the hill and down. At last it was safe. He had the cord in his hands; behind him it drooped downward over the trees from the crest of the hill; in front it strangled over the slash to the fallen red box.

It was not long before three indignant Scouts appeared on the sky line. It was but thirty seconds later that three wordlessly grateful Scouts were listening to Clark's description of what had almost happened.



Clark's second cast had to win

## FACT AND COMMENT

LIFE IS NOT a man's personal property; it is a loan from the Almighty for which he is responsible.

Though "trite" they be, so long as they are breached  
The Ten Commandments must be loudly preached.

IF YOU WOULD AVOID misunderstandings and perhaps quarrels, do not be too inquisitive.

A MAN OF SCIENCE from South America says he has perfected a microphone so sensitive that by means of it you can hear a worm eating an apple. As if there were not enough noises in the world without going in search of them!

THE BEST THING we have heard about the state of affairs in Russia is that the telephone girls, in answering calls, address you as "Comrade." Could anything prove more satisfactorily the fact that the Russians have actually humbled the haughty ones of the earth?

IT IS RATHER STARTLING, after all the years that have elapsed since even the far West was first settled, to read that the government still has to keep about one hundred professional hunters busy in exterminating animals that prey on live stock. Last winter the hunters killed forty bears, forty wolves, sixty mountain lions, more than one hundred lynxes and thirty-five thousand coyotes. Destroying them means a great saving to the cattle and sheep men, for one wolf that was shot in Oregon is known to have killed five thousand dollars' worth of stock.

FIVE THOUSAND BOYS, sixteen years old or less, recently took part in the harmonica competition that the New York City Bureau of Recreation holds every year in one of the public playgrounds. There were elimination contests, semifinals and then, in Central Park, the final. Probably no one of the enthusiastic and music-loving youngsters would see anything humorous in the story of the man who told a friend that he had given up the piano and taken to playing the organ instead. "Well," said the friend, "the organ is a nice instrument, but doesn't it make your mouth sore?"

THE AUTOMOBILE has come to occupy so prominent a place both in pleasure and in business that the horse has been neglected; but a recent warning from the Department of Agriculture is a reminder that motor vehicles cannot wholly take the place of draft animals. Unless breeding is increased, says the Department, there will be an "acute shortage" of horses and mules within five years. The replacement of colts is inadequate to counterbalance the decrease in work horses, and prices have already risen. Something fine would drop out of life if the horse should disappear, and something both humorous and pathetic would vanish with the mule.

## A SCIENCE OF PEACE

IT is a strange thing, when you come to consider it, that mankind has been busy for thousands of years creating and improving an intricate science of war, without endeavoring to establish any similarly thorough science of peace. Men have longed for peace and prayed for peace, but they have not set themselves to work systematically and intelligently for it. Too often peace has been merely the result of the exhaustion that follows war or of the vaguely pacific impulses of a civilization that prefers comfort and gain to strife and danger.

But among intelligent and thoughtful men the idea is stirring, "Why not seek the way to secure peace as diligently as we seek the way to conquer in war?" The task is not a simple one. It calls for a wider knowledge and a deeper philosophy than the soldier requires in his field. There must be a thorough study of the many problems of trade, economics, psychology and diplomacy that play their part in arousing and stimulating rivalry between nation and nation. The men who devote themselves to that task must be able to think beyond the borders of their own countries and be willing to work for the reconciliation of all mankind rather than for the aggrandizement of their own racial or political group. Such men are rare,

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Walter Hines Page

From the portrait by Philip Laszló

but if they can be found and trained they will serve humanity as few men in the past have served it.

We are glad to know that the first real attempt to create a "science of peace" is being made here in the United States. It is proposed to establish at Johns Hopkins University a School of International Relations where such study as we have indicated above shall be carried on; where all the information that can be found about the thousand and one contacts and relations that nations have with one another shall be brought together; and where able and devoted men shall meet to apply the learning thus gathered to the problem of making those international relations serve the purposes of peace instead of provoking the peoples to war.

It is proposed further to name the school for a distinguished alumnus of Johns Hopkins, Walter Hines Page, late ambassador to Great Britain, a great diplomat who looked beyond the passing moment and had greater ends in view than the playing of the material interests of the United States against those of the European countries. While the war was going on he wrote to a friend at home: "Was there ever greater need than now for first-class minds working unselfishly on world problems? The ablest ruling minds are engaged in domestic tasks. There is no world-girdling intelligence at work in government."

The men who are to establish the new school, if the necessary endowment—one million dollars—is raised, mean to do something to awaken and instruct that "world-girdling intelligence" the lack of which Mr. Page deplored. It is appropriate that the school should bear his name. No other kind of memorial would please him half so well.

## THE ART OF TALKING

TALKING is an accomplishment, and an important one, too, if by talking you mean talking well. Suppose you take music lessons and learn to play an instrument or to sing. You practice hours and keep it up for years. And then how often are you asked to contribute to the pleasure of any company? Music adds much to your own happiness, but there are days and sometimes weeks at a time when you do not sing a note or open the piano. So it is with most of the accomplishments that we take so much trouble to acquire. How

many hours in the year do we actually dance or ride or swim or skate or play any particular game? Not many, compared with the number of times we talk to someone and, according to our skill in talking, give him pleasure or bore him into making any excuse to get away.

Conversation is an art, to be studied and practiced like music or cooking or dancing until doing it well becomes second nature. Like other arts, talking well presupposes certain natural capacities—in this case, an agreeable voice, a tidy person, a sympathetic manner, intelligent ideas, and the like. All these qualities we can acquire if we will take the trouble to cultivate them. Nevertheless, the art of conversation is unlike most other arts in one respect—it involves the spontaneous co-operation of at least one other person. The musician plays his piece, the orator declaims his, the painter puts on his colors, and the cook salts the broth, always with an eye to those who are to be pleased by the result, but without any special assistance from them.

But the art of conversation is the art of making other people talk. To converse is to interchange ideas. What counts is not what I do, but what the whole company does, of which I am only a part. Good talking is a team game; that is the best talk in which all the company has an equal interest, and to which as many as possible contribute a share.

Far more, therefore, than any other artist, the good talker must be unselfish. Is the company shy, awkward, self-conscious? Then he must use all his skill to be interesting and make them forget themselves. But when things are going well, when the talk is merry and everybody is thinking of things to say, then the good talker will be silent. That is the time to do the listening and to save his bright ideas for the pauses that will come when the others are talked out.

A bore has been defined as a person who insists on talking to you about his affairs, when you want to talk to him about yours. By the same token, you are a good talker when you can make the bore talk so interestingly about his affairs that the contemplation of your own skill, combined with the self-revelation of the bore, will give you more amusement than you could extract from being a bore yourself.

There are people who pride themselves on taking the most unlikely company and making them talk interestingly. They are the people who have taken their talking seriously, have studied it as an art and

practiced it as an accomplishment. These skillful talkers are unselfish. They speak or keep silence with a single eye to the combined pleasure of all concerned. They make themselves thereby practitioners of the great art of conversation. Even though they possess no other accomplishment, popularity, invitations, friends are always at their command.

## SANITY IN WRITING

FOR several years the Williams College Institute of Politics has attracted wide attention to matters of government and international relations. This year the Bowdoin College Institute of Modern Literature has aroused an almost equal interest in the field of letters.

Under the plan of the Institute a number of the most distinguished American authors and critics delivered lectures in which they had absolute freedom to express their views on modern American literature. On the day following each address the speaker had the opportunity of meeting twenty of the seniors, chosen for their interest in the matter to be discussed, at a "round table" where the interchange of ideas was free and informal.

Aside from the educational value and the mental stimulus of the plan, the meetings have been noteworthy for the wholesome resistance they have shown to certain tendencies in modern American writing. For example, Mrs. Margaret Deland laid down the principle that no piece of fiction is good that is not true; by which, of course, she meant true, not necessarily to facts, but to art and life. Her critical taste would exclude from enduring and worth-while literature—and we think justly—many of the recent novels that have had a wide sale, but that represent life falsely because they disregard proportion and perspective. Too many of these novels reflect the author's preoccupation with the coarse and unlovely aspects of life, by reason either of his sympathy with them or of his exasperated reaction against them.

Mr. Henry Seidel Canby, one of the sanest critics of the day, whose contributions to *The Companion* our thoughtful readers recall with pleasure, devoted his talk to the literary and spiritual beauty of Hawthorne, whose greatness he attributes to the fidelity with which he held to his ideals and the persistence with which to the very end of his life he continued to write to please himself by creating beauty. Miss Willa Cather paid a similar tribute to Sarah Orne Jewett, an artist in everything that she did, whose contributions to *The Companion* the older readers at least will remember.

All this seems to us wholesome and encouraging. Styles in art may change, but the principles that underlie it are eternal. The greatest artist is he to whom life brings the noblest message, and who succeeds best in conveying that message to others through the medium of his art. Judged by that criterion the work of many a now-neglected American writer of the past will come to its own again and endure, and that of many a now-popular writer of the present will perish. To us as editors it is peculiarly gratifying that the standards we have always upheld in *The Companion*, and have tried unwaveringly to attain, are regarded by competent critics as still capable of inspiring the artist.

## A MAP THAT WILL COVER AN ACRE

FEW things are more interesting than a good map, to those who know how to read it intelligently, and its interest is almost in exact ratio to the detail with which the map shows the territory that it represents.

For many years the best maps of regions in the United States have been those made by the Geological Survey, for they show not only the natural features of the landscape but every house and every road and by the contour lines enable the reader to determine the height of hills, the area of marshes, and in many cases whether the land is forested or open. Those interesting maps are to be had for ten cents a section; the only drawback has been that some of them are old (for the Survey was begun nearly fifty years ago), and that as yet they cover only a small part of the United States.

But by an act that Congress passed near the end of the last session, and that has attracted much less attention than it deserves, Americans will have the most detailed complete map of their country of any people in the world. By the passage of the Temple Act Congress authorized the completion of the topographical survey within twenty years; had the act failed the work would hardly have been finished in a century.

In the opinion of the president of the American Engineering Council, the work will be of enormous social and industrial significance to the nation. The whole map will cover an acre and will be the mother map of the country. The separate sheets, available to everybody, will have a hundred uses. They will obviate the necessity for preliminary surveys for engineering work of all kinds, from the simplest farm drainage problem to the building of a great railway. The man who is searching for a suitable spot for a summer residence can tell by consulting the map of the section that he has in mind just what sort of country it is; and the camper can see in advance how many houses border the lake where he wishes to spend his vacation and what streams to follow if he loses himself in the woods.

A great map—great, that is, in accuracy and minuteness of detail—offers no mean test of cultivation. To the stolid and unimaginative it is only a mass of confusing lines, or at best a concise and convenient sort of picture-writing; but through its magic a person of cultivation, though he be a cripple, will climb distant mountains and explore wild waters.

## THE COMPANION FOR ALL THE FAMILY

shown a praiseworthy willingness to make such sacrifices in unessential as would make the union possible. On June 10 the formal act of consolidation occurred and the United Church of Canada was born. It is too early to assert that the union is permanent; there are always possibilities of theological or ecclesiastical differences that may cause a schism in an organization which is the result of fusion. But the auspices are encouraging; and if the new Church endures, as all will pray that it may, it will, we hope, point the way to equal achievements of Christian unity in the United States.

To the class in geography: Locate Dun Laoghaire, Cobh, Baile atha Cleath, Oslo, Brno, Ljubljana, Praha, Bydgoszcz, Leningrad. This group of strange-looking and often queer-sounding names gives us some idea of what the war and the shifting of the centre of gravity among the nations have done to confuse the atlases with which we were once familiar. The first three are the Irish Free State names for Kingstown, Queenstown and Dublin; Oslo is the former Christiania; Brno is Brünn and Praha is Prague in Czechoslovakia; Ljubljana is Laibach, and the curious name that begins with B and ends with z stands for the town formerly called Bromberg. Leningrad, of course is our old childhood's friend St. Petersburg; it had already passed through two transformations and for ten years was called Petrograd.

At the chess tournament at Manila the championship was won by a Moro lad from Mindanao, named Datu Alip. The new champion can neither read nor write any language, which is, one gathers, a defect of his education rather than of his intelligence. He "sings continually while engaged in a chess game," though whether he means thus to hearten himself or to "rattle" his adversary we are not told. For our part we should as soon play golf with a man who whistled while we were putting as chess with a man who sang loudly while we were contemplating a move.

THE soviet government at Moscow is making fresh concessions, both to the peasants, who tolerate Communism without believing in it, and to the private traders, who make what they can out of such opportunities as necessity obliges the government to offer them. Stalin, who is the real power at Moscow, promised in a recent speech to a congress of peasants that the government was ready to grant possession of land to individual farmers for periods of twenty or forty years, and that it might decide to return the land to private ownership without restriction. He also promised that the political privileges of the peasants should be enlarged, and that, whether Communists or not, they should be eligible for office. Every day it becomes more evident to the Communist dictators that they can remain in power only by attaching the peasants to them. The "proletariat" shrinks steadily, for there are no longer any important industries in Russia for them to labor in. Before long there will be no one in Russia but peasants. Stalin and his friends are already laying their plans to cope with that situation. The collapse of government-controlled business has also obliged the soviet leaders to announce fresh concessions to private capital. But, since a year or two of profitable business will as usual be followed by heavy taxes and open confiscation of assets, no one except the shrewdest and most conscienceless profiteers are likely to take advantage of the offer.

TRAVEL upon rails has always been reckoned to be twice or three times as rapid as travel on the water. But the modern "speed boat," a shallow craft, engined up to six-hundred horse power and riding, at speed, on top of the water instead of ploughing through it, can make the locomotives puff to keep up with it. Such a boat, named the Teaser, lately ran from New York to Albany in two hours and forty minutes, twenty minutes faster than the running time of the famous Twentieth Century Limited.

## The Editor's BULLETIN BOARD

### THE FORT IN THE WILDERNESS

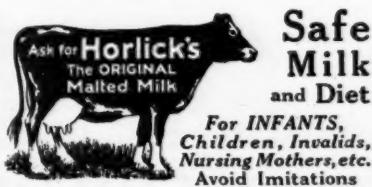
UNDER this title there will begin next week a series of three historical articles that are as thrilling as any story of adventure.

### THIS BUSY WORLD

IN spite of railways, steamships, airships, telegraphs, telephones and radio, there are corners of the earth into which news does not readily percolate. Here we read in the newspapers that the Bureau of Education in Washington received a letter on May 25 from some school-teachers stationed at Umnak, among the Aleutian Islands off the Alaska coast. And what do you suppose they wanted to know? Who was elected President last November!

TRAVEL upon rails has always been reckoned to be twice or three times as rapid as travel on the water. But the modern "speed boat," a shallow craft, engined up to six-hundred horse power and riding, at speed, on top of the water instead of ploughing through it, can make the locomotives puff to keep up with it. Such a boat, named the Teaser, lately ran from New York to Albany in two hours and forty minutes, twenty minutes faster than the running time of the famous Twentieth Century Limited.

A YEAR or more ago the Companion spoke editorially of the plan for the union of the Presbyterian, Methodist and Congregational churches in Canada. In spite of the obvious difficulties of carrying through such a plan the advocates of it have persisted, and the three denominations have



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## THE ANT

By Clinton Scollard

**I** LIKE to watch the journeying ant  
Who never thinks of saying "can't."  
He always goes ahead and does;  
He's like the bee without its buzz.

He ever travels to and fro  
And just as fast as he can go;  
A very wise and busy thing,  
He's like the bee without its sting.

## When Lassie Went Visiting

By Frances Margaret Fox

**M**ARY RUTH, Betty Anne and Barbara Jane are three baby sisters who live in a beautiful white house on a lovely street in a New England city. Their next-door neighbor is a big, wide, slow-walking old shepherd dog whose name is Lassie.

The old dog loves babies and believes that it is her business to take care of Mary Ruth, Betty Anne and Barbara Jane. When Mary Ruth was born Lassie was the first of the neighbors to notice that a baby had come to live in the white house. The first time that Mary Ruth went out for an airing in her baby carriage Lassie went too; walking along, walking along, soberly, like a friendly bear.

One day not long ago the mother of the three sisters wished to make a call in the afternoon, and it happened to be the afternoon when Elizabeth didn't work but always went visiting. Aunt Frances said over the telephone, "I will come for Mary Ruth, Betty Anne and Barbara Jane and bring them home to Nanna's house. It is a beautiful day, and we shall walk." Aunt Frances invited mother and the children to come to Nanna's house and stay to dinner. Mother would make her call before dinner.

Aunt Frances put Barbara Jane, who was only four months old, into the baby carriage and tucked the robes round her. Betty Anne put her doll into her doll carriage, and Mary Ruth put her doll into her doll carriage, and the happy procession started down the street.

But in a minute Mary Ruth laughed and called out, "And here comes Lassie!"

Sure enough, Lassie came walking along, walking along, soberly, like a friendly bear. "Lassie was not invited," said Aunt Frances. "Lassie, will you please go home?"

Lassie would not go home. She walked in front of the baby carriage, and she walked so slowly that Aunt Frances almost had to push her along. Mary Ruth with her doll carriage walked behind Aunt Frances, and Betty Anne with her doll carriage walked behind Mary Ruth.

Aunt Frances had a hard time getting that procession safely to Nanna's house, and many boys and girls who passed them stopped to laugh. If Betty Anne had walked faster, then Mary Ruth would have walked faster. If both the children had walked faster, Lassie would have walked faster, and Aunt Frances would not have had such a hard time. Once or twice she had to bump-bump-BUMP Barbara Jane's baby carriage against that wide, wide old shepherd dog to make her move at all.



## TWO DOGS

By Nancy Byrd Turner

I

### The Extraordinary Dog

**W**HEN Mother takes me calling I say, "Oh, please and please Let's visit with the folks who own The funny Pekinese!"

I walk around him softly Upon my tipsy-toes; He sits so queer and solemn there, So scornful in the nose.

I wonder very often, Suppose I gave a sneeze, A loud "Kerchoo!" What would he do, The pompous Pekinese?

II

### The Ordinary Dog

**W**HEN Brother takes me walking I cry, "Oh, hip, hooray! We're sure to see the jolly pup That joins us every day!"

His ears are raggy-shaggy; His coat's a dusty brown; He meets me like a cannon ball And nearly knocks me down.

He tells me all his secrets, With joyful jumpings-up. I wish the pompous Pekinese Could know the Jolly Pup!



DRAWINGS BY  
DECIE MERWIN

## THE RIBBON

By Clinton Scollard

*When I walk downward toward the sea  
A ribbon lies in front of me;  
The broad brown ribbon is the sand  
That binds the water and the land.*

• •

The old dog was tired when she reached Nanna's house. She didn't wait to be invited in, but went in, and all the afternoon she watched the little girls.

At dinner time Lassie was impolite to the cat. She ate the cat's dinner right out of the cat's dish, and the cat had to run away fast and hide.

After dinner Aunt Nellie said, "I will take mother and the children home in the automobile. We shall all go with them." Aunt Edie and Aunt Frances were staying nights at the children's house because their father was away out West.

The old dog barked when the mother and the babies, Aunt Edie, Aunt Frances and one of the cousins climbed into the automobile. She barked and barked and BARKED. She acted a little cross too.

"What is the matter, Lassie," Aunt Nellie inquired. "I hope you do not think we are going to take you in the automobile?"

"She is too big," Betty Anne said. "There is not room for her."

"The dog will follow the automobile," said mother.

"We'll drive slow," Aunt Nellie promised. Then she called, "Come Lassie, come Lassie!"

Lassie wouldn't come. She sat on the piazza at Nanna's house and barked and barked and BARKED.

Mother was sorry because Lassie would not go home. She said, "Poor old doggie!"

"She is thinking about something, and she will come home when she gets ready. Don't worry," Mary Ruth advised.

Nevertheless Aunt Nellie did worry. But when she reached home again the big dog came to meet the automobile. She was barking loudly and acted cross. There was no one in the automobile then but Aunt Nellie and the cousin.

It sounded as if the dog were saying, "What have you done with those little girls?" But really the dog must have been saying, "Please take me home!"

Twice Aunt Nellie tried to coax her to follow the automobile, but she wouldn't.

At last Aunt Nellie said, "Do you expect me to drive you home, Lassie; is that what you are thinking about?"

It was. Aunt Nellie opened the door and the dog slowly, slowly climbed in; she filled the space in front of the back seat with her body, and put her long head over Aunt Nellie's shoulder.

Aunt Nellie did not enjoy that drive. When it was ended and the back door was opened Lassie climbed slowly, slowly, slowly out of the automobile and walked to the little girls' front door instead of her own. She barked and she barked and she BARKED until Aunt Frances came to the door with Barbara Jane in her arms.

"It is all right, Lassie," Aunt Frances said. "The children are here and are going to bed."

Then Lassie went home and barked at her own front door. When the door was opened she went in without saying "I thank you" or "Good night" to Aunt Nellie.

Aunt Nellie smiled all the way home to Nanna's house, although she says she truly hopes that Lassie will never come visiting again.

## A LESSON FROM THE HEBREW GRAMMAR

A MAN of high character but ordinary education was addressing a roomful of school children, and he said to them: "All of you know the verb which says, 'I am, thou art, he is'; and all of you know that verbs in English, French, German, Italian and Latin run in that way: I love, thou lovest, he loves; or I walk, thou walkest, he walks. But do you know that that is a very bad way for a verb to run? Do you know that the old Hebrew people arranged their verbs the other way round: He is, thou art, I am?"

Then he added: "That is the way to look at life. Say to yourself, looking up to God, 'He is'; then look at your neighbor and say, 'You are'; last of all think of yourself and say, 'I am. First God, then your neighbor, then yourself. That is the way to think and to live."

One who heard this story was so struck by the thought that he could not rest until he found a Hebrew scholar able to tell him whether it really was true that Hebrew verbs are conjugated in this way. He sought out a scholar and put his question. "Yes," said the scholar, "the Hebrew verb is conjugated as you say. Why do you ask?" So the other told him what the man had said to the school children.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the scholar with radiant face. "I have been studying Hebrew forty years, and never once has it occurred to me that Hebrew verbs have that wonderful and beautiful significance!"

He sat for some moments saying: "He is, thou art, I am. How beautiful! Yes, to be sure: He is, you are, I am. Wonderful, wonderful!"



## PRACTICING COURAGE

C LARICE drew a long breath. In all the seventeen years of her life she never had known anything so wonderful as this visit of her mother's old girlhood friend. She had heard of Mrs. Gregory ever since she could remember—of how she had been her mother's dearest friend at school, and her bridesmaid, and then two years later had married a famous archeologist and traveled all over the world with him. Her mother used to get letters from the strangest places! It was those letters more than anything else that made Clarice, at school, like geography and history and later languages.

And now Mrs. Gregory was actually with them for two weeks. Day after day Clarice and Peggy and even Jack hurried through work and lessons in order to be free to listen. No book ever compared in interest with the adventures Mrs. Gregory told. This particular afternoon it was the description of a hairbreadth escape from bandits in the mountains of Persia. Clarice felt a hard lump in her throat. They had been so brave—that little party in that awful place. She looked up, her eyes dark with longing. "Oh!" she cried passionately. "I'd rather be brave than anything else in the whole world! If only one knew how! But when you live where there's no chance for it—"

Mrs. Gregory smiled down into the earnest face. "But there's no such place in the world," she replied.

"No such place!" Clarice echoed, bewildered.

"No place where there isn't opportunity for courage."

"Oh, moral courage," Clarice replied slightly. "I don't mean, of course, that that isn't fine, but it isn't like being brave in facing big things like death or torture. What's the matter, Peggy?"

But even as she asked the question Clarice's lips had whitened. "Oh, take it off!" she gasped.

"Don't jump. Keep still," Peggy replied. Then with a quick movement she caught the spider—a huge black one, and sufficiently ugly-looking—in her handkerchief, and carried it off out of doors.

"I hate spiders so!" Clarice gasped.

"And Peggy doesn't mind them?" Mrs. Gregory asked, for she noticed that Peggy's lips, too, were white when she came back.

Peggy nodded. "Oh, yes, I hate them too, but I won't be downed by a spider! If I can't conquer it any other way, I'll turn naturalist and keep them around me. "You see—" she was laughing now, and her lips had regained their color—"I hate the idea of that so much that I am practicing the other way!"

Mrs. Gregory smiled again as if something pleased her, but she made no comment.



## HOW THE GLASS EATER PAID

C ONSULS occasionally receive odd fees from impudent Americans to whom they render services. There is an American family, once resident abroad at a minor consulate, whose guests still enjoy an occasional treat a particularly luscious almond pudding. A stranded American in Italy gave the receipt for the pudding to the consul's wife. It was the only way she could, at the time, pay for the efforts made in her behalf by the consul.

Many years ago Mr. John Ball Osborne, then acting as American consul in Ghent, Belgium, received a much queerer and less satisfactory fee that also had to do with eating, though fortunately not with eating that he had to do himself. A man, a stranger, came to him to have a document that he needed for use in court in America properly authenticated—a service for which the regular fee is two dollars.

THE MOSQUITO SONG  
By ERIC DUNCAN

Cow hunting in the woods one day, I listened for the bell,  
Holding my breath, when on my ear this song melodious fell.

I am a bold mosquito, and through the woods I fly;  
So get I but a drink of blood, I care not if I die.

Creatures a thousand times as big do bring my food to me;  
I, singing, light astride on them, and grub it out in glee!

Yet, though these creatures bring my food, unwillingly they give,  
And oft I find it hard to get the wherewithal to live.

Great hairy brutes in companies will sluggishly draw near;  
Their hides are all so thick and tough they well-nigh break my spear.

And when I get a drop of blood it is not worth the pains—  
Coarse, salt and indigestible, it on my chest remains.

But there is one, a monster dire, who sometimes passes by;  
(Oh, had I but my fill of blood I satisfied would die!)

To light upon this monster dire is risk of life and limb,  
But I would risk a hundred lives to get a sip from him!

His hide is thin, his blood is sweet—sweeter than milk to me;  
But ah, his ways are full of guile, and treacherous is he!

At times he like a stump will stand, and you would think him dead;  
Then suddenly he wakes, and flails go whack around his head.

Oh, I have seen—have seen—have seen"—he hovered as he sang—  
"Five comrades flattened at my side beneath one frightful bang!

But I, a bold mosquito, still through the forest fly,  
And I will have a drink of blood, I care not though I die."

Here ceased the song, for with a slap the singer bold I slew—  
See, ye who will for liquor go, what it may do for you.

That is not a large amount, but the man had only expected to pay a quarter and had not the money with him. He was, he explained, a glass eater out of a job; he had been going the rounds of the various fairs, but the season was over, and his money was gone. The consul was skeptical, both about the man's occupation and about the reality of glass eating in general. But the man showed genuine resentment at being taken for a faker as well as distress at being unable to pay. Suddenly he brightened and suggested that he be allowed to discharge his debt by a special performance of glass eating.

"Gimme a thin goblet," he said, "and I'll eat it all up!"

The goblet was brought. He grasped it in both hands, as a boy might an apple, and bit off a great piece, which he crunched horribly! The astonished consul declared himself more than satisfied, and hastily requested the "human ostrich" not to complete his meal. He declared that he was more than adequately paid and had no desire to claim an extortionate fee.



## WHY HURRY?

D O Americans hurry too much? Doubtless they do, since they are repeatedly and with emphasis informed of their failing by everybody, including themselves. Still it is possible not to hurry enough. The traveler in Spain is inclined to that opinion, even though he must admit that Spanish politeness, grace and charm almost make up for the inconveniences of too great leisureliness.

The train, some recent travelers had been informed by a notice posted in the station, would be two hours late. So they wandered round a village that had not many sights to see, seeing such as there were, until the two hours were up. Then they returned, to find no sign of the train or bustle of expectancy. They made inquiries of the station master.

"Ladies," he replied, "the train is seven hours late."

"But why do you put up the notice that it is two hours late?"

"That, ladies, is to give a little hope."

Perhaps the little hope was large enough, coupled with a sense of humor, to save the ladies from either despair or wrath. But the

British lady who had traveled from Madrid to Bobadilla with three trunks and arrived with only two was certainly put to a severe test of temper. She was fuming and fretting and nearly weeping, and the luggage man finally called in the station master.

"How many had you when you started?" he asked.

"I had three, and now there are only two."

"Well, well," he said soothingly. "Two out of three to arrive safely; that is not bad, and the third will doubtless arrive. You will have it tomorrow or maybe next week."

Indeed, she probably received it sometime within a week or ten days, and in good condition. The slow but sure method by which luggage is registered and recorded, each piece entered in a book by longhand, and then tied, sealed and stamped, makes for safety. Few things are lost. A missing trunk is almost invariably traced and forwarded, and it is always a matter of great surprise to Spanish hotel proprietors and station masters that anyone should be in a hurry for it.

"But you have one hat with you, señora; so why trouble yourself?" another lady was told when trying to hurry the search for a missing hat box in Toledo. "It will come in a few days, and you cannot wear more than one hat at a time."



## THE HORSE THAT POSED FOR A WOLF

I T can rarely have occurred that a horse has posed for a wolf; but President Roosevelt often brought about the unexpected. The late Maurice Egan in his Recollections of a Happy Life tells how it happened. He was in Washington, hurrying home with an anxious eye upon the clouds, for it was evident that a violent summer storm was about to break. "Suddenly," he relates, "I saw President Roosevelt swinging along the almost deserted street. Just as he greeted me a deluge fell."

"Lovely weather," he said. "Let's take a walk!"

"I turned back.

"I'm on my way to my dentist downtown," he said; "we'll have time for a good hike."

"It seemed to me as if the very centre of all the rainstorms of the season had opened; but

nothing soothed his enthusiasm. He walked and talked, swinging his stick and explaining to me the atrocities of which 'nature-fakers' were capable. I paid rather divided attention. The cold water trickling down between my skin and the collar of my coat paralyzed my understanding. The streets were almost deserted, but a solitary cab with a drenched driver and a despatching-looking horse came toward us at a slow trot. President Roosevelt said:

"I am afraid I can't make you understand what I mean about the way a wolf ought to be stabbed. Stop!" he called out to the cab-driver. The man drew up his horse. Mr. Roosevelt began to draw a diagram in imaginary lines on the chest of the animal, the driver growing wetter and wetter and more interested. As for me, I was soggy. Finally, after his complicated explanations, the President nodded to the cab-man and remarked, 'I think now that this gentleman understands,' and we went on at a rapid pace, trailing clouds of moisture into the anteroom of the dentist, to whom the President introduced me. 'This is my minister to Denmark,' he said, 'and he's now in a position to explain to those good Danes what mistakes these self-conceited nature-fakers make!'

"I murmured the proper good-by and managed to get home dripping in the cab, which had slowly wandered after us in search of a fare."



## TELEPHONE CUSTOMS

T HOUGH the telephone itself is pretty much the same instrument wherever you find it, its use varies greatly, according to local customs and conditions.

In Abyssinia no one is allowed to use the telephone directly. All messages must be written out and given to the operator, who shouts them into the transmitter at the top of his voice, so that everyone about can hear.

In Japan most of the operators, or *moshi-moshi*, as they are called, are young girls; their average age is about fourteen. Telephones with low numbers get the more experienced girls and better service than those with high numbers. Rights to telephone numbers, especially low ones, are frequently purchased by those who are unwilling to wait perhaps years for the government to furnish service. The *moshi-moshi* girls are required to wear kimonos with shorter and scantier sleeves than their sisters.

In Turkey, where women have for centuries lived a secluded life, there are few Moslem operators. The work is done by Greeks, Armenians and Jews. As there are three Sabbathas observed in each week by Mohammedan, Jew and Christian respectively, there is less telephone traffic on Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays than on the other days.

In India most of the women operators are Eurasians, or mixed European and native stock, though many operators are men.

In England an operator is a "telephonist."

In Russia it is a penal offense to call one anything but "comrade" or "citizeness."

In Japan, on answering a call, the operator says, "Moshi-moshi," which is the equivalent of "Hello." In England, "Are you there?" In France, "I'm listening." In Germany, "Here's the exchange." In Norway, "Central" or "Yes." In Sweden the operator simply gives her own number, as "40." In Belgium the operator on completing the call says, "Talk," in Sweden, "Please begin"; in Norway, "Clear." In England the "telephonist" says, "You're through," meaning you are connected and can begin to talk.

One thing all operators seem to have in common—sooner or later they get married.



## PORKERS WITH GOOD MEMORIES

I N the year 1806, writes a correspondent, David Brownlee moved from Washington County, Pennsylvania, to Coitville, Ohio, and brought with him a sow and half a dozen pigs some five or six months old. He built a good sty, and, although wolves, panthers, bears and other wild beasts were plentiful then in Ohio, the hogs seemed content. The pigs would return to their sty at evening and were regularly at their troughs at feeding times.

One evening the porkers failed to appear. For a few days Mr. Brownlee felt no solicitude for them; he thought they had merely wandered too far. But diligent search failed to find them, and at last he gave them up as lost.

During the late summer Mr. Brownlee went back to his old home to harvest some wheat that he had left growing. What was his astonishment to see on the old farm not only the sow with the six shotes, but also an addition of eight or ten pigs to the family! After gathering in his wheat he collected his porkers and started back to his new home. They were satisfied with the change, and when they reached the banks of the Ohio they plunged in and, swimming to the opposite shore, took the direct road to Coitville. Arriving at their home, they ran directly to their regular feeding place, ready for their meal.



## KEEPING UP WITH THE NEWS

TELL me," said Prunella, whose husband always takes the paper with him in the morning, "did Gutzon Borglum ever get out of that cave the dogs were taking the serum to?"

—New York World.

# THE DEPARTMENT PAGES

## TRIMMING FLOWER HATS

FLOWER trimmings are in favor for every type of hat this season, and many a girl will trim her own; but unless she understands the tricks of the milliners' trade her own handiwork will not look so smart and pretty as the hats that she sees in the shops.

All artificial flowers that milliners use belong to one of the following types and should be put on in a particular way, which depends upon the class. First, there is the flat-petaled type, which includes pansies, daisies and forget-me-nots. They are often used to cover a hat and keep a smooth surface.

Second, there are many-petaled flowers with a flat under surface, such as French crush roses, English daisies, zinnias and dahlias. This type

the petal joins the centre; then press it in place.

To attach the flowers to a hat by embroidery use a milliners' or an embroidery needle, a long basting stitch and heavy embroidery silk, because silk frays quickly. To sew on a flower bring the needle up from the under surface of the hat through the edge of the centre of the flower, take a stitch an inch long and draw the needle through to the under side again. Take such a stitch between every two petals of the flower. Then in turn sew each petal in place with stitches of even length. Judge the number of stitches you must use by the size of the flower. Embroider the leaves in place in the same way. A stitch at the tip and two on each side are enough for a pansy three inches in diameter.

You can apply whole flower sprays cut from cretonne to the surface of a hat with milliners' cement or with embroidery stitches. You can embroider handmade flowers of silk, or with the same stitches you can apply tiny clusters of silk fruits, handmade, bunches together so that the under side is a perfectly flat surface, and surrounded by small leaves.

The flowers mentioned in the third class are sometimes used to cover the surface of a hat completely. To do it sew them to the surface with over-and-over stitches placed along the stem at intervals of two or three inches. Leave an inch or so at the tip of each spray so that it can be bent in any direction, and place the sprays near together so that there is no conspicuously empty space between them.

If you wish to use flowers of the third type in combination with flowers of the second type to lighten the effect, first separate the sprays by unwinding the fine wires that hold them together. Separate the sprays of foliage and the other flowers that you will use. Decide where you want the larger flowers to come. This season they can be placed in the centre of the crown, or so as to form a semicircle over the crown, or they can be laid on the brim of a picture hat in such a way that they seem to weight down the brim. The hats with brims that have a decided droop at one point are designed for trimmings of that sort. Have a definite idea of where you wish the centre of interest in the trimming of the hat to be, and place the largest and handsomest mass of the heavier flowers there.

Suppose that the flowers you wish to use are French crush roses, moss-rose leaves and bluebells. To use them as a group on the top of the crown first sew several sprays of foliage to the top of the crown, by stitches near the ends of



*Flat-petaled flowers*

of flower combines well with flowers of the third variety, because they can be used to cover stiches and the ends of stems and other unsightly things.

Third, there are such trimmings as heather, lilies of the valley, bunches of currants or grapes, bluebells, lilac, larkspur and feathery foliage like maidenhair fern and sprays of moss-rose leaves. These are generally used as "fillers-in" because they are cheaper than the other types, and because they help to lighten trimmings that give too solid and heavy an effect.

Fourth, there are the favorites of the season: the round, padded roses, large and small, made up into attractive sprays with foliage and buds that match. Such a spray can be sewed to the top of the crown and allowed to droop over the side down on to the brim, the largest rose in the spray coming somewhere on the brim. To sew on such a spray, thread a milliners' needle with strong linen thread of a color that as nearly as possible matches the stems, and take the first stitch at the point where the stems are first bound together with wire and rubber. At that point the stems are bulky and the rubber binding on them is very neat; so bring the stitch up through the crown directly under the binding on the ends of the stems, pass it through them a little under the upper surface of the rubber binding and draw the thread down through the crown again near the first stitch. Do that six times, draw the thread very tight after each stitch and fasten it off securely on the under side of the crown. Three inches farther down on the main stems sew the spray to the crown of the hat again with the same kind of stitch. Continue sewing in that way, at intervals of three inches, until you reach the point where the last three stems are bound together. At that point sew them to the crown or brim with an over-and-over stitch. Since you have sewed the spray so firmly along the main stem, you need to do no more than catch an occasional stem of a leaf or a bud an inch from the point where it joins the main stem. When you have finished



*Flowers with flat under surfaces*

the sewing bend the end of each spray to an angle that is becoming and artistic.

Flowers of the first group are easily applied with milliners' cement or with embroidery stitches. You can buy small tubes of the cement at a milliners' supply store. Before you use it, be sure that the surface that you intend to cover with the flowers is not of much value, for the cement will ruin it for any subsequent use. Apply a little cement to the outer and under edge of each flower and somewhat more where

the stems, and catch them down an inch in from the last leaf on each spray. Let the sprays radiate fairly evenly from the centre of the hat. Then sew on several clusters of two to six bluebells each. Place them so that they cover still more surface of the hat, and take care to sew the ends of the stems as near the centre of the hat as is possible without overlapping other stiches.

Next sew on several roses, all radiating from the centre in the same way and far enough down so that there is no noticeably empty space between them and the bluebells; then sew a few sprays of leaves in place and more bluebells. Trim the stems so that there is no unnecessary bulk near the centre. Finally, sew on more bluebells, foliage and roses, so grouped that the roses hide completely the ends of the stems and the stiches that secure them. Put on the last touches by giving a stich here and there to the bluebells and a twist here and there to the roses and leaves to make them stand away from the hat or to cover any empty space, stich or untidy stem.

Crush roses and flowers of that type are easy to sew in place and can be counted on to cover the ends of the stems and the stiches. Bring the needle up through the surface of the hat at a point close to the centre of the flower. Instead of letting the needle come right through the topmost petals of the flower, hold half of them back from the point where you draw the needle through. Then when you have finished the stich you can let the topmost petals fall into place again to hide the stich. Five stiches

evenly spaced round the centre of the flower will make the flower fast.

Very charming hats for little girls can be made by cementing three rows of forget-me-nots or tiny English daisies on the edge of the brim. No stitching whatever is necessary.



*Favorites of the season*

### VACATIONING

JUNE opens and closes many doors. School doors lock behind you, and before you opens the vista of the vacation. The open door is no common one; it is a garden gate, a bower, a great arch leading to the wide lands where freedom lives.

Vacation country is made to play in, but it is interesting to stop and think what useful things hide under the name of "play." If some one says, "Health, work and growth," you will probably say, "Oh, please, those belong to the school year"; but let some one say, "Camping, reading your favorite books and doing something new," and you will exclaim, "When can we start?"

Summer unrolls a vast playground, a many-ring circus, a stage set with the scenery of woods, hills, lakes, where you act out the dramas of tennis, fishing, hiking, swimming, camping and a host of other things. Winter sports are spasmodic, and indoor exercises have little attraction for the girl who likes to build up her body in natural, spontaneous ways. But summer is the reservoir of health, and if you drink deep of it you can go, like the camel, a long way on it.

The ambitious girl will make opportunities in the vacation to lay up mental as well as physical health. Follow your own wishes in study; read the books that you want to read, and that you have no time for in the school months; look up extra information in your favorite field of work. Plan to read the works of some great novelist. Whatever you do, do it carefully and regularly, so that at the end of the vacation you will have accomplished something definite. Summer is the time for getting ahead of yourself and incidentally of your classmates.

In the third place, do something new, something you have never done before. You all know the girl who has never sent her mind traveling outside her own town or county, who has so few ideas and interests that, as some one has said, you can count them on the thumbs of one hand. She does not vary her little route between home and school and the post office; she does not look out through the window of newspapers, of books, of thought, to see what is happening on the face of the earth, on which she is a sort of permanent freckle.

It is not enough to reject no opportunity. You should make new openings, and the more unusual and unlike they are to the things you are accustomed to do the better it will be. To sing in the choir, to help Uncle Eb spray his potato plants, to substitute for the librarian some afternoon, to get up a picnic or take a Sunday-school class will open a door into another room of life. Don't force yourself to do what is distasteful to you, but go into whatever you undertake as if it were an adventure.

Then you can smile at the person who says, "Oh, so your vacation has begun! Well, remember that 'Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do.'"

"Yes, for idle hands," you reply, "but he will have to look elsewhere. I'm too busy taking my vacation!"

### HOW IT IS DONE

YOU won't need to read this if you have already solved the railway problem that we printed in the Outdoors Section last month under the title Pulling and Backing. But if you are still in the middle of that problem, here's the way for you to hurry things along.

We go back to the beginning. The locomotive from the east-bound train gets on to the single-car spur track. The west-bound train pulls the cars of the east-bound to the east of the spur. The locomotive of the east-bound comes off the spur and couples to the rear of the east-bound. The east-bound train backs

clear of the spur so that the west-bound can back its own last car on to the spur, uncouple it and back east again. This done, the east-bound train passes to the east of the spur, and the locomotive comes off its rear end, gets the west-bound car off the spur, pushes it to the east of the spur and then returns alone to the spur. The west-bound train then pushes the east-bound train and one of its own cars far to the west of the spur and there uncouples the one car. Then the west-bound train brings the east-bound train to the east of the spur so that the east-bound locomotive can get to the rear of its train again. Both trains next go to the west of the spur, and the west-bound backs another car on to the spur. And so it goes until the whole long process is finished and the two twenty-five-car trains with their locomotives have accomplished the seemingly impossible task of passing with only the single-track main line and one-car spur to work on.

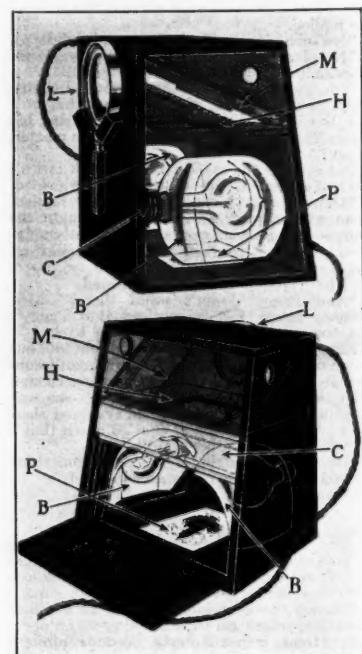
### A POST-CARD PROJECTOR

LIKE the factory-made post-card projector, a post-card projector that you can assemble yourself of materials that will be found ready at hand will project on a screen an enlarged reproduction in natural colors of any flat object that is placed on its bed. In this respect it is superior to a motion-picture projector or a stereopticon that requires a film or plate.

Besides photographs and picture post cards, the projector here described will throw on the screen quick sketches drawn on the bed of the instrument, paper puppet shows and bright-colored flowers against a white background; the flowers make a charming picture on the screen. Even the picture of the operator's hand as he adjusts the objects is an interesting enlargement.

The figures are given the dimensions of a machine for projecting pictures about five and a half inches square. Make a box of thin wood as shown in the figures; the bottom, on which the picture is laid, should be of a single piece, well planed. Do not put on the top until the very last; paint the entire box inside and out, and everything that goes into it, a dull black.

Two 75-watt nitrogen lamps backed by parabolic reflectors concentrate the light on the picture. Less powerful lamps can be used, but the results will not be so good. For the electrical connections get two lamp sockets and four or five feet of lamp cord with a plug at one end. Fasten the sockets to a strip of dry wood (C in the figures) and connect the lamp cord. Next fasten the strip of wood in place in the back of the box and lead the wires out through a hole in the top. Keep them well



away from the bulbs so that they shall not be burned.

The construction of the reflectors, which are of bright tin, is shown at B in the figures. For each one a flat piece of tin is cut in such a way that it can be bent into a nearly parabolic shape. A slot is made for the base of the bulb. Each reflector is fastened in place by a bolt through the side of the box.

Above the reflectors, as shown in the figures, fasten on cleats a piece of cardboard with a

four-inch square hole cut in it, through which the light passes. The light as it passes upward is reflected to the front by a piece of plate-glass mirror, five by six inches, attached by screws with leather washers to a board as long as the box is wide and screwed to cleats at the side of the box. In order to place the cleats find point A (See figure) on each side of the box. Through these points draw lines at an angle of forty-five degrees with the bottom and fasten the cleats in position with the edges of them on the lines.

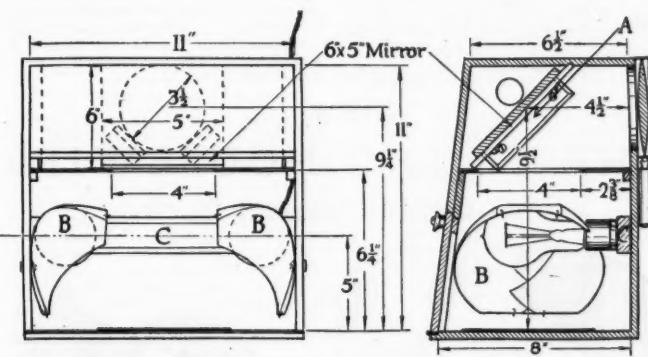
After the light has been reflected by the mirror it passes out through a hole cut in the back to the lens, which is an ordinary reading glass with a focal length of about a foot. If a lens of different focal length is to be used, the designs must be altered, by raising or lowering A, so that the sum of the distances of the point A from the center of the lens and from the bottom of the box shall be about eight sevenths as great as the focal length. You can find the focal length by focusing sunlight on a piece of paper and measuring from the image of the sun to the centre of the lens.

As the lamp produce considerable heat, it is

necessary to cut one-inch holes in the sides above the mirror for ventilation. To keep the pictures from curling up under the heat provide two weights to lay on the edges of them.

The screen on which the pictures are to be projected should be about four feet square. The image is focused by moving the lantern backward or forward, after which the distance to the screen can be measured for future use.

The important points to be considered in designing or constructing a lantern of this kind are, first, to concentrate as much light on the picture as possible and, second, to allow no light but that from the picture to leave the box. The lens and the mirror must be of good quality, but scratches and bubbles do no harm. As a sharp focus cannot be obtained when the entire surface of the lens is used (due to spherical aberration), make diaphragms of black paper to fit between the lens and the box. When the size of the aperture is decreased there is a gain in distinctness but a proportional loss in illumination; so a compromise must be found in an aperture of about two and a quarter inches in diameter.



KEY TO BOTH FIGURES FOR A POST-CARD PROJECTOR

- A—Point A locates the cleats and mirror.
- B—Reflectors of polished tin.
- C—Board to support lamp sockets.
- H—Hole through which picture is reflected to mirror.
- L—The lens consists of an ordinary reading glass.
- M—Mirror reflects picture to lens.
- P—Picture or other object to be thrown on screen.



Fig. 1

## PORTABLE RADIO RECEIVERS

*The upper case contains the receiver equipment, the lower, the "A" and "B" batteries. The size of the complete apparatus is indicated by comparison with the headset. This shows how very compact an arrangement is possible*

tery, so that a single small-sized block is all that is required.

The theoretical circuit used here is shown in Fig. 4. The stationary winding of the variocoupler is tapped at ten turns from the filament end of the winding. This tap is led to the binding post Antenna 2, while the grid end of the winding is led to the post Antenna 1. With a very short antenna, post 1 would be used; with larger antennas, post 2. The three terminals of the coil are lettered; X being the starting point and also the filament end of the coil, Y being the tap at ten turns, and Z being the end of the winding of fifty turns in all, which is the grid

WITH the coming of warmer weather the real radio "fan" finds himself uncertain whether he should listen-in or go canoeing, camping or automobiling. A small self-contained receiving equipment that can be easily taken on any outdoor jaunt is a source of much pleasure. The receiver here pictured and described is not intended to represent the last word in portable receivers; our purpose is to give the constructor who works at home some ideas upon which he may base the construction of his own receiver.

The first requisite is that the receiver shall be very compact. Whether or not the batteries for the operation of the set should be placed within the receiver cabinet is a matter that should be decided by the constructor himself. In the receiver pictured on this page the batteries were placed in a small box, the same size as the receiver case, because it was desired to have the receiver in such shape that it could readily be operated from other batteries than those provided, as from the lighting battery of an automobile. The circuit of a portable receiver must be quite simple and must be capable of operating satisfactorily on all kinds of aerials, varying from a metal fishing rod to a regular antenna put up at a permanent camp, from a wire twelve or fifteen feet long in a hotel room to an antenna composed of the electric-light wires utilized by means of an antenna attachment plug.

For an extremely small receiver, we are limited in the choice of vacuum tube to those of the dry-cell type—UV-199, C-299, WD-11, WD-12 and DV-3. With the exception of the WD-11 and WD-12, these may be operated from regular flashlight cells quite satisfactorily, and at a cost of about two cents an hour. The WD-11 and WD-12 require a six-inch dry cell, so that the battery space is greatly increased. For any one of these tubes very good results may be obtained with 22.5 volts of "B" bat-

teries. The whole winding is tuned by means of a variable condenser of .0005 m. f. capacity, the rotary plates of which are connected to the filament end of the coil, point X. A grid condenser and grid leak of the usual constants are used, the condenser having a

capacity of .00025 m. f. and the leak having a resistance of two megohms. A UV-199 tube was here used, so that the resistance of the rheostat was made 60 ohms, to provide ample control in case the receiver should be operated

battery is a small-sized block, 22.5 volts. Following is a list of the parts and material used in assembling the outfit:

2 panels, 3 1/2 by 6 inches, three sixteenths of an inch thick.

*Diagram making suggestions for mounting of apparatus. Heavy lines indicate large wire, which is used both for electrical connections and mechanical support. Light lines indicate electrical connections only, which may be made of comparatively small wire. Numbers in circles refer to the corresponding parts shown in Figs. 2 and 3*

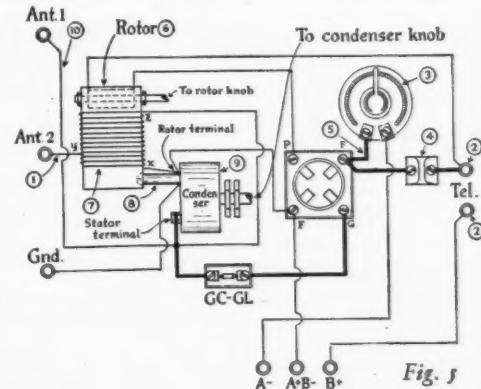


Fig. 3

2 cases, stained and shellacked pine, three sixteenths of an inch thick, 6 by 4 1/2 by 4 inches, outside dimensions.

11 tip-jacks, 9 tips.

1 variable condenser, .0005 m. f., with dial and indicator.

1 60-ohm "universal" rheostat, with knob and pointer.

1 .00025-m. f. grid condenser with grid leak clips.

1 two-megohm grid leak.

1 .001-m. f. telephone by-pass condenser.

(Ordinary fixed condenser.)

1 UV-199 socket.

1 piece of bakelite tubing 2 inches in diameter, 2 1/2 inches long.

Fig. 3

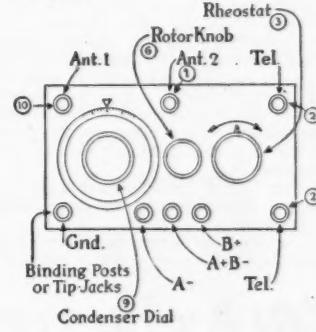


Fig. 4

2 oz. No. 24 double-cotton-covered wire.

1 rotor form, 1 1/2 inches in diameter, 3/8 inches thick, having two grooves, 1/8 inch by 1/8 inch, for the winding.

2 oz. No. 28 double-cotton-covered wire.

1 piece threaded #8 brass rod, 5 inches long.

6 "hex" nuts, #8, for rotor shaft, with knob.

1 foot heavy bus wire.

1 two-foot length spaghetti for covering connecting wires.

6 unit cells of flashlight battery, 1 inch diameter.

1 small 22.5-volt "B" battery.

1 pair telephone receivers. (Headset.)

Wire for antenna and ground.

A receiver of this type is capable of headphones reception only, except over very short distances. The range on headphones will vary greatly with the type of antenna, the ground connections and the location at which the receiver is being operated. With very small aerials—metal fishing rods, wire in top of automobile, wire across room, and the like—the range will be small—ten to one hundred miles under usual conditions. With larger aerials, such as might be erected at a permanent camp, the range will be greatly increased; in

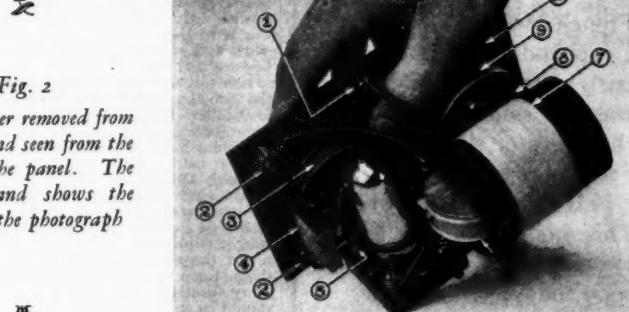


Fig. 2

*The receiver removed from its case and seen from the back of the panel. The man's hand shows the scale of the photograph*

used are indicated on all of the diagrams by the double circles.

The "A" battery of this receiver consists of six one-inch flashlight cells; these are connected in two groups of three each in series, the two groups being connected in parallel. The "B"

# This Amazing New-Type Coil is Revolutionizing Radio Set Building

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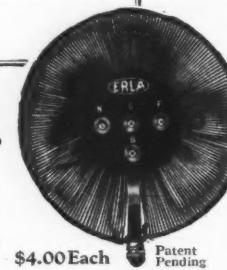
Another Circloid improvement is greater stability — smoothness of operation and ease of control.

The tendency of conventional receivers to squeal and howl uncontrollably is due to

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1. The absence of an external field eliminates the effect of the coil upon nearby coils or adjacent wiring circuits.
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fact, under such conditions the receiver will perform just as well as any other one-tube set under similar conditions.

#### HOW A WOMAN FLORIST GOT HER START

**I**N more than one instance raising flowers has proved profitable as well as pleasant. A few years ago a young widow who was obliged to support herself and her two children noticed that there was no florist in the town where she lived and decided to put her small garden and greenhouse to commercial uses. She obtained some good advice from a seasoned florist in the neighboring city, then set to work.

Having more geraniums in her greenhouse than anything else, she determined to make geraniums her specialty. During the first week she sold almost all of her stock in hand to buy bedding, then she invested in a fresh supply of geraniums. She found it more practicable to buy the slips than to cut them herself. They cost only three cents each at a nursery, and after they had been cared for a few weeks and repotted and kept for a time in a cool atmosphere they became plants that brought at least ten cents apiece.

She did not advertise except by telling her

neighbors about her business. People seemed glad to learn that there was a place where they could buy potted plants or fresh flowers at any time. After a month or two she enlarged the greenhouse, increased her stock and added a new specialty, carnations.

The experiment grew into a brisk little business; today the woman florist has three greenhouses and an acre of garden and is earning her living. She does the work alone, except that once a year she hires a man to help her change the soil. Even the fires and the boilers she attends to herself. By raising only geraniums and carnations, which require less heat than most other flowers, she saves fuel.

She has learned many things that affect the success of her business. One is that old-fashioned flowers are returning to marked popularity; another, that flowers for Memorial Day and funerals sell exceedingly well, and that a woman has a greater knack than a man for making "floral pieces." The money that she paid out for instruction in making garlands and bouquets has come back many times over.

The experiment requires little capital other than the necessary room, for, as the florist mentioned observes, "flowers are cheap." Nor does the work demand the florist's entire time; on the contrary, it leaves a good deal of leisure for other things. By its very nature, too, this employment offers a pleasure that goes far towards lightening the labor.

## THE YOUNG HOUSEWIFE

### IX. Certain Unwanted Guests



EVERY housewife must make herself chair of a reception committee for house-hold pests. Any housewife who lets one little bug slip by her into the house is opening the door for trouble, for one little bug all too soon becomes a family of bugs, and then a colony; and they fight with cunning weapons. They hide in dark, inaccessible corners and strike at the health and comfort of the home in the most insidious way, and they are hard to vanquish; but the housewife who meets the bug at the door and there extinguishes him is the true guardian of her family's health and happiness.

As a menace to health the house fly tops the list. He carries dirt and disease. To see him sitting on the window industriously washing himself you would think him a model of cleanliness, but don't be fooled. He reeks not where he eats or pauses to rest. He may come direct from contaminated food or from dangerous waste to your table and your kitchen. "Swat the fly" is a good motto so far as it goes, but the best remedy is prevention. Early in the spring clean up and cover up every possible breeding place; then screen the house from top to bottom. That seems like a considerable task, especially if you have a number of doors and twenty-seven windows to screen; but the gain in health is well worth the comparatively small expense. If you can't have metal screens, use green mosquito netting. Then you can open your doors and windows to the fresh air that helps so much to prevent visits from other pests. Poison papers and sticky papers are of course good as quick exterminators, but they furnish only temporary relief. The only safe way is to keep the pests from breeding if possible, and certainly to keep them out of the house altogether.

Roaches and water bugs are kitchen pests that are attracted by dampness and uncovered food. They hide in crevices and corners and come out to feed usually at night. Their nocturnal habit often helps them to multiply greatly before their presence is discovered. The only trustworthy preventives are keeping things absolutely clean, destroying waste at once and keeping food covered and everything as dry as possible. Favorite hiding places are storage cupboards, refrigerator pans and nooks round the sink. Piles of papers also attract them. Keep the sink dry, and hang wet cloths away from the wall. Roach powder or borax should be sprinkled about the refrigerator pan. Fill up all the cracks that you can and dust the others with roach powder; but remember that roach powder will kill the bugs only if they breathe it. Hence it may not be effective; it may merely drive them to fresh hiding places. The best exterminator is a phosphorus poison placed in the runways. That is deadly, if you persist long enough, to catch both young and old. Ants are annoying and hard to fight because

they come in such myriads. You can keep them away from food by placing the legs of refrigerators and tables in saucers of water coated with oil. But beware of letting even a splinter touch the wall or floor. The best way to exterminate ants is to trace the line of march back to the nest and pour boiling water into it.

Bedbugs, like roaches, hate the light and hunt only after dark. A sudden light sends them flying to their nests; so it is sometimes possible to find the nest and destroy it by turning on the light suddenly at night. They breed very rapidly and are exceedingly hard to exterminate. The quickest and surest way to kill them is to paint every likely haunt with a solution of bichloride of mercury, commonly known as corrosive sublimate; but it is deadly poison, and the bottle should be so labeled and kept under lock and key. If you are to move into an old house about which you have doubts concerning bedbugs, roaches or moths, close up the house and give it a thorough fumigation with sulphur; then air the house well before you move in.

Moths are the bane of the housewife because they are so destructive. The larvae feed on all sorts of animal fibre. The moth that you see flying about does no harm in itself, but it lays the eggs that keep the cycle going; so it should be exterminated before it can lay. Clothes should be sunned and aired frequently. Closets, chests and drawers should be washed with strong soapsuds, dried and aired. It is a good plan to spray the walls and shelves frequently with oil of cedar or with some commercial insecticide. Clothes to be packed away should be perfectly clean, though even that will not make them absolutely safe. If the eggs are there, they will hatch, and the larvae will feed on clean fibre as well as on soiled spots. So brush everything thoroughly to remove any eggs that may be there, and pack the clothing in airtight containers or sealed paper bags. Repellents such as camphor balls and cedar chips are of doubtful value without other precautions. Furs and rugs are safest in cold storage.

#### JELLY GLASSES FROM BOTTLES

BOTTLES that are of little use in other ways can be made into jelly glasses by a method that is simple and interesting.

Double a cord and twist it; then dip it into kerosene. Wrap the cord tight round the bottle two or three times at the place where you wish the top of the glass to be, and cut off the ends of the cord, for if they hang down they may cause the bottle to crack. Set fire to the cord all round and let it burn itself out, but keep it out of a draft. The sudden application of the heat of the flame along the line of the cord weakens the glass. Sometimes it is necessary to

## MAYBE—PERCHANCE—PERHAPS

you would like to know more about some thing or things suggested by the articles on these pages for girls, boys and all the family. If so, do not hesitate to write your question to the Department Editor, The Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass., who will answer directly or put you on the track of the information you want. The service is for subscribers to The Companion, so give the name and address to which your paper goes.

strike the bottle a light blow with some object, but usually the upper part will lift right off. The sharp edges can then be rubbed off with a piece of whetstone. The heavier the bottle the thicker or heavier the encircling cord must be.

## SUCCESS IN ATHLETICS

## III. Management and Direction

THE manager of an athletic group should be the active business head of it. He should handle all the details of taking and paying out money, and so leave the minds of the players free to think only of the games and how best to play them. If the captain or some brilliant player must spend his energies in worrying over money matters, the time that should have gone to improving teamwork will pass without profit to the team. In all financial matters the manager should be supreme and be held responsible. The treasurer, if he is other than the manager, should be only an officer for paying out money honestly, and should be held responsible for that.

The manager should make the dates for games. He should see that proper officials are provided for all home games. Thus in basketball he should arrange for a referee, a timer and a scorer; in baseball, for an umpire and a scorer; and so on. He should notify the other side at least forty-eight hours in advance of the name of at least the umpire or referee. That course will avert disputes, which are always offensive to the spectators. Settle all preliminaries before the game, so that when the game is called it can go off promptly. Then the spectators—your customers—will come back to see the next contest.

The manager should arrange for proper grounds—gymnasium, court or field—and insist that all players be present for practice periods. It is little short of treason for players to be absent without good cause from practice or from scheduled games when the playing space has been obtained at considerable pains and perhaps considerable expense; and the manager should have the power to dismiss from the club any member who turns either practice or games into a farce by dodging attendance.

The manager should represent the club or team at all meetings of leagues or other governing bodies. He should see to it that the newspapers get accurate accounts of games or, if the newspapers do not want them, that they are posted in public places. Nothing stimulates team work and good play like making the names and records of the players familiar to the public.

## Referees and Umpires

In all amateur sports for boys the referees and umpires are expected to serve without pay. The manager should see that the umpire or referee gets fair and courteous treatment. He should check any roughness on the part of the spectators or players. The official is serving to oblige others and should be respected accordingly.

The manager should keep track of the condition of uniforms and playing equipment. Insist that uniforms be washed or in other ways put and kept in condition every little while.

The manager should appoint some one player to gather up bats, balls, mitts, nets or other articles used in play and keep them safe. In the heat of a game players throw things down without thought and often rowdies take and keep them. Let all club property be watched and cared for.

The manager should be slow to put up guarantees for visiting teams. Some teams, lacking home grounds or gymnasium space, go about getting guarantees and never giving return games. Before paying a guarantee, make sure the challenging team or club can give a return game at home. If it cannot, do not pay a guarantee.

A merchant advertises that he has such and such goods to sell. People go to his store, buy and go away, satisfied to find that he has kept his promises. They go again and again. He succeeds. The manager of an athletic team announces that on such and such a day his team will play a certain opposing team or club. He should not overpraise his goods, which is the game. If the team that is coming is one that promises to give a lively contest, he should say

so; if it is a game of minor importance, he must not assert that it will be "the greatest game ever." The spectators must be taught to trust his announcements.

Where there are seating arrangements to consider the manager should treat all spectators alike unless some of the seats are reserved. If there are reserved seats, they should be marked. That will avert disputes. A few seats should be kept for the use of the visiting team.

Liability for damage to the playing field, court or gymnasium rests upon the manager. He must be responsible for windows or seats broken. And the team or club should make it a point of honor to pay for all such things without question. If the trustees of a church, a public school or a town hall allow a team to use a building as a gymnasium, every player should remember that it is using property that belongs to the public. Neither spectators nor players should be allowed to smoke, for, if a fire occurs in the night after a game, the team might be blamed.

## Use of Halls and Gymnasiums

Before a team uses a gymnasium the manager should have a clear understanding whether or not his organization is expected to pay for lights, water or other service, including that of the janitor. If the games are played outdoors, he should have a definite understanding of what rental is to be paid for the use of the ground and so on. Such things must not be left to chance or to oral agreements, but should be set down in writing. The manager should be businesslike and have the written authority for all claims against the treasury.

If the manager has reason to suspect that a game will be forfeited, he should try to have enough players on hand to give the public a lively scrub game, in order to send the spectators home in good nature rather than entirely dissatisfied after preparing for the scheduled contest and attending in good faith. He should make it understood that when his club announces a game it will provide entertainment.

In most sports the captain is the only player authorized under the rules to argue with the umpire or referee; hence he must be a person of cool temper, yet not timid to the point of letting an unfair decision pass without protest.

Some of the most brilliant players are totally unfit to act as club leaders. The very zeal that they put into their playing makes them a menace to the welfare of the team in an argument with the referee. A team that is ahead may be induced to walk off the field after a quarrel caused by an angry captain, though of course that gives the game to the other side by forfeit. It is all very well to go round next day and talk of "daylight robbery," "unfair umpire," and so on, but the fact remains that the game is recorded in the league standing as against you—and there it remains, to weigh as much in the final balances as if it had been lost in regular play.

The captain should be fair with his players; he should give each of them a chance, so long as the player does his best. And especially should he give the substitutes opportunity to play in regular games. When your team is safely ahead let the "subs" play during the closing moments. Against weak teams let them play longer.

## The Captain's Real Duties

The captain should greet the captain of the opposing team or club cordially and see to it that the players give the visitors fair play. He should set an example of clean speech and sportsmanlike conduct and insist that his men follow his lead in that respect.

The captain is the leader on the field, diamond or court and in his sphere should be left alone and held responsible for the work. The manager should not dictate to the captain on matters within the captain's realm, nor should the captain try to manage the business affairs of the team. In all details of play or management each should remember that the other is serving without pay for the good of clean sport. That thought will prevent many a sharp-edged word and unkind action. Captain and manager should have mutual confidence in each other and together should plan for the team as a whole.

This article, as the heading shows, is one of a series that deal with the business side of athletics. Number one, on organization, appeared

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)



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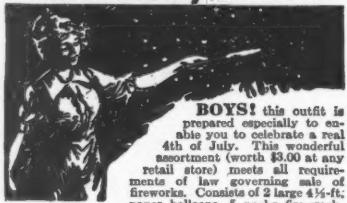
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Use Cuticura Soap Every Day**

(CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE)  
in The Companion for February 19, 1925, and number two, on the duties of the treasurer of an athletic organization, was printed in the May Outdoors Section. The concluding number has to do with adult sponsors, news of games and winding up the season.

### UNCLE SAM'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

**T**HE Fourth of July can be celebrated with a very simple and novel outdoor party if the weather is good. The decorations will of course be of the national colors and will include banners, flags and firecrackers.

The hostess, who represents Miss Columbia, should wear a white dress with a sash and trimmings of red and blue and on her head a silver wreath. One of her friends should appear dressed as Uncle Sam.

If it is to be a costume party, ask the girls to come dressed as some one of the thirteen colonies and the boys to dress as Minute Men or as some one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

After the costumes have been guessed, let those present form a parade and in couples march to spirited music before Uncle Sam and Miss Columbia, who will judge the costumes.

Pencils and slips of paper are then passed to each couple. On the paper is written a little story of Uncle Sam and His Nation. There are many blanks in the story, which must be filled by the players with some word that ends in "nation." A list of such words includes determination, imagination, destination, combination, donation, indignation, nomination, association, assassination. The papers are then collected, and Uncle Sam reads them and awards a suitable prize.

#### Fourth-of-July Games

Ringing the Liberty Bell can be played in various ways. For one way, suspend a bell in a doorway or from a pole or the limb of a tree. Each player in turn receives three rubber balls, one red, one white and one blue. One after another tries to ring the bell by hitting it with a ball. For another bell game, place the bell in the middle of the floor or open space. Each player has three hoops, one red, another white and the third blue, which he tries to throw round the bell. Uncle Sam keeps the score, either separately or by couples or by teams, on the basis of five points for the red, three for the white and two for the blue.

The winners of the games indulge in a firecracker race. Uncle Sam seats them and Miss Columbia hands to each three graham or soda crackers. At the word "Fire!" from Uncle Sam each begins to eat as fast as possible. The winner receives a Fourth-of-July favor.

Next comes a firecracker hunt. Little firecrackers are hidden about the grounds or in the room, and after a given time the players can set off those that they have found.

The serving utensils for supper or refreshments should carry out the color scheme of red, white and blue as far as possible. Some of the suitable dishes are

Liberty Bell sandwiches  
Firecracker sandwiches  
Baked beans garnished with firecrackers  
Sliced pressed chicken  
Patriotic salad  
Continental ice cream  
Fruit in horns of plenty  
Iced tea or lemonade and cake

Liberty Bell sandwiches are made of graham bread filled with minced chicken and cut in the shape of a bell.

Firecracker sandwiches are made of white bread with the crust removed and are spread with minced ham. They are then rolled, and stems of lettuce and parsley are inserted to represent the fuses of the firecrackers. They can be rolled in paprika to color them and tied with red, white and blue ribbons.

#### What the Odd Names Mean

The garnish for the baked beans may be little firecrackers made of pimentos with a shred of white onion for a fuse.

Slices of pressed chicken with tiny blue flags stuck into them can be served on a blue platter.

Patriotic salad is made of cabbage chopped fine and prepared as slaw, then decorated with squares of tomatoes and served in blue bowls, or of tart apples sliced fine, chopped peanuts, a little sugar and thick cream. The whole should be topped off with gelatin squares or red cherries.

Continental ice cream is strawberry ice cream served in paper cases made to represent the cocked hats worn by Continental soldiers.

The horns of plenty are made of pasteboard covered with bright crepe paper and should lie on their sides and be filled to overflowing with mixed fruits.

After refreshments Uncle Sam announces that he will share his birthday cake with all. Commenting on its beauty and size he proceeds to light the candles, which are arranged so as to spell "Uncle Sam" or "1776." The "cake" is a big cheese box covered with white paper or frosting and a sprinkling of coconut.

From the top extend strings of red tape, one for each guest, the end of which he takes in his hand; and when Uncle Sam gives the word he pulls. There is a firecracker at the end of each string. Inside it is a slip of paper that tells of some stunt that the holder must perform.

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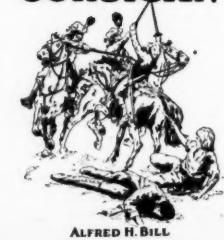
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